

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

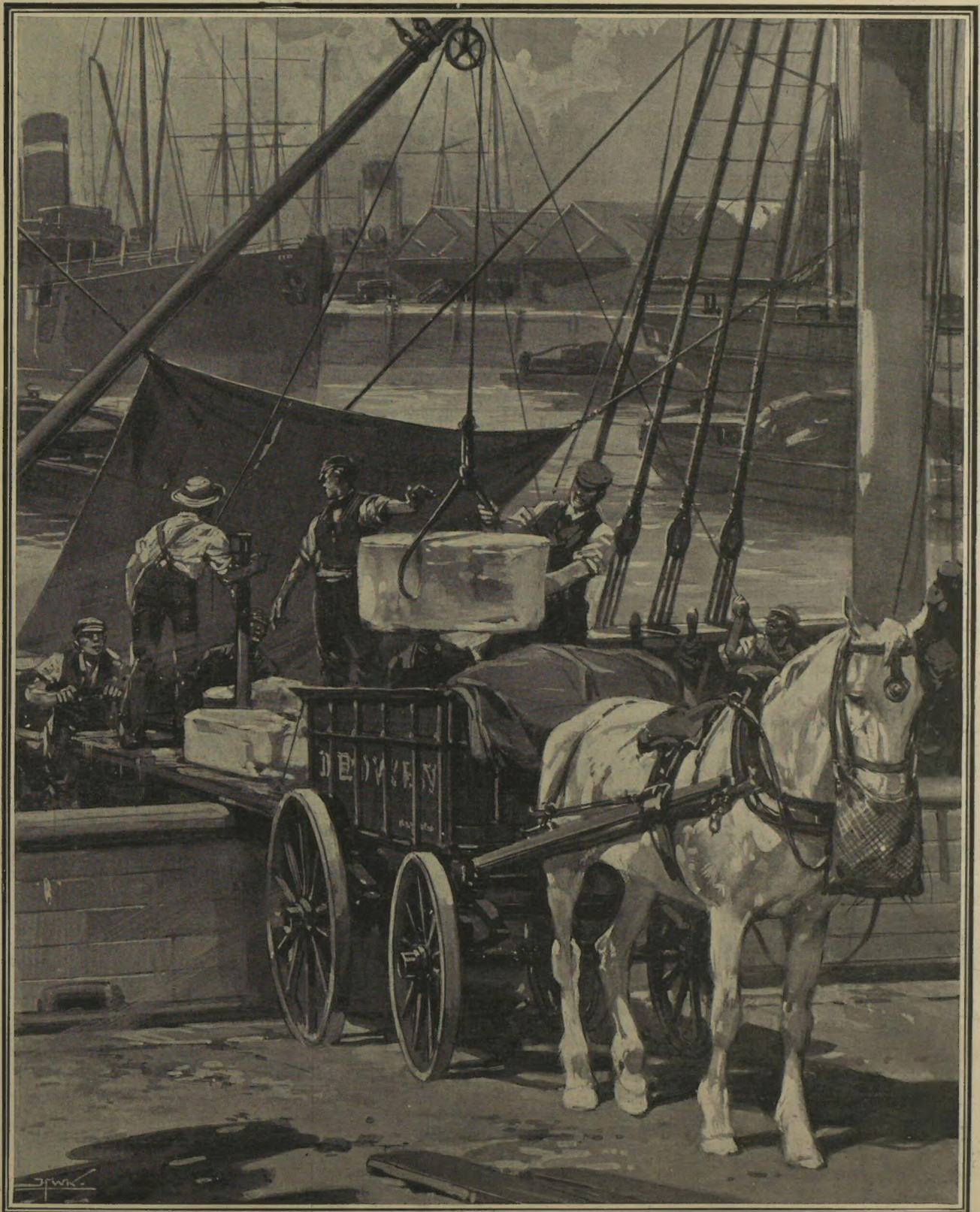
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1911.

SIXPENCE.

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PRIVILEGED ICE: UNLOADING ICE FOR THE HOSPITALS ONLY, DESPITE THE GENERAL STRIKE,
AT THE SURREY COMMERCIAL DOCKS.

The general dock strike and the "hold-up" of goods consequent upon it notwithstanding, the hospitals are not likely to suffer for want of ice, an article more than ever a necessity to them in this tropical weather, for the strikers have made an exception in their

favour, and the unloading of ice is being carried on in the usual manner for them only. Our drawing was made the other day at the Surrey Commercial Docks, where, save for the incident depicted, all was desolation.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOSKOSK, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE DOCKS.

HARWICH ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT

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PARLIAMENT.

THE debates in Parliament this week on what Union-
ists regard as a revolution were followed with im-
mense interest by crowded Houses. Their piquancy was
increased by the differences of opinion in the Unionist
Party as to the tactics of the Peers—differences which
were expressed even in speeches on the vote of censure,
although this was warmly supported by all members of
the party. Mr. Balfour, moving the censure in the
House of Commons, denounced the Government in as
strong language as has been employed by any leading
Parliamentarian in modern times. The prerogative was
being used, he said, as no Minister had ever dared to
use it before, and as no King in the old days of
prerogative ever dared to use it. Mr. Asquith, whose
speech aroused the enthusiasm of the Coalition, and was
heard with marked attention by several Ambassadors
and many Peers as well as by members themselves,
gave an account of his communications with the Sove-
reign. He admitted that he obtained "a confidential
understanding" with the King in November, before the
General Election, that, in the event of the Government
policy being approved by an adequate majority, his
Majesty would be ready to create Peers, if needed, to
secure that effect should be given to the decision of
the country. At the same time he emphasised the
point that it was only in the course of last month
that his Majesty was asked to exercise his pre-
rogative. This statement was regarded by Unionists
as proof that, in the words of Mr. F. E. Smith,
a gross outrage had been committed on the Con-
stitution, and they complained passionately that the
prerogative was being thus abused in order that Home
Rule might be passed. "Censure us if you like," ex-
claimed Mr. Churchill; "we are going to pass Home
Rule in this Parliament," and after the vote had been
rejected by a majority of 119, the Liberals gave Mr.
Asquith a triumphant cheer. Unfortunately he strained
his voice, and was not able to be in his place next day
when the Commons dealt with the Lords' amend-
ments to the Parliament Bill, rejecting all that were
vital. Very strong protests were then delivered
by Lord Hugh Cecil and Sir Edward Carson against
the application of the Bill to Home Rule. Both
warned the House that Home Rule would be re-
sisted by force, and Lord Hugh incidentally shocked
his opponents by stating that he looked back upon the
recent scene of disorder with satisfaction, as it sym-
bolised a great political reality. Debate in the Upper
House, on Tuesday, on the Vote of Censure, which was
moved by Lord Curzon in an impressive oration and was
carried by a majority of 214, drew from Lord Crewe
the first speech which he has delivered since his illness.
Lord Crewe, while candidly expressing his personal dis-
like of a creation of Peers, held that the Government
could not have pursued any other course than that which
they had taken; and he remarked that, even if King
Edward had been spared, events would not have been
very dissimilar.

ART NOTES.

THE editorial notes in the *Burlington Magazine*
once more measure out the blame that even the
artist probably accepts as just, according to his share,
for the failure of the recent medals, postage-stamps,
and coinage. Perhaps the writer in the *Burlington*
shares, with the objects of his complaint, the heaviness
all deplore in the public arts of England, but be-
neath the leader-writer's convention lies some shrewd
comment: "We maintain," he says, "that in spite of
the Royal Academy and other stumbling-blocks to pro-
gress, there exists in this country a sufficient number of
artists who are fitted and entitled to show their mettle,
and compete in the case of any national commission
for a work of art. We have also stated that the choice
of Mr. Bertram McKennal, A.R.A., might prove justifi-
able, even in a national competition. We are compelled
to modify this statement, in view of the fact that in those
commissions already showered upon him by the Govern-
ment, Mr. McKennal has not shown any qualities as an
artist which would justify him for exclusive selection as
an exponent of twentieth-century British art." There is
something quite personal in the writer's disappointment.
Putting aside national issues, he writes: "It would have
been a real pleasure if we had been able to record in the
magazine that the stirring events of the Coronation year
had been a stimulus in the world of art, and had pro-
duced results satisfactory in themselves and likely to be
regarded as creditable by posterity."

But is not the one compensation for commonplace in
art that posterity likes it? The fruits of originality may
be more commended by contemporary critics, but the
average product, however low, also makes marks for the
historian and art lover. Already we admire the Georgian
houses ridiculed when they were a-building. The age
that finds its own level and expresses it in brick, or
paint, or marble, or only in cinematograph films, does
something for its successors. But it must do it steadily;
let it place the arts without reserve in the hands of the
average man, and perhaps the race will take the right
road.

Echoes, prompted by the "Mill" mystery, of the
dispute over the "Venus with a Mirror" are disturbing
the *Morning Post* and the *Athenaeum*. The definitive
decisions of the committee of experts left behind them
a general feeling of uncertainty, to which the doubtful
light on the canvas in the National Gallery added not a
little. But now Velasquez possesses a most becoming
new room, and the experts may view the "Venus" anew
without any shock to the once perilous stability of their
opinions. Like Velasquez, Rembrandt has been honoured
with a room that is almost all his own, while at the
Victoria and Albert Museum the Ionides Collection is
newly arranged. More space is still required for
Millet's "Wood-Sawers" and other canvases precious
enough for large settings; but, on the whole, all present
and promised changes are for the better. E. M.

THE "OLD COINS" OF "GREATER BRITAIN."

[See Illustrations.]

THE coins of the British Colonies, although numerous
and forming a highly interesting series, can boast
of no great age. The principal reason for this is that
our entry into the field of "Colonial Expansion" was a
somewhat late one; Spain, Portugal and Holland were
all in advance of us in attempts at colonisation. The
advisers of the Sovereign accepted no responsibility for
a possible failure, and, on the other hand, most jealously
guarded all matters touching the Royal Prerogative
which would be affected by success. One of these
matters was the very rigid preservation of the royal
monopoly of coining.

It is to the purely commercial East India Company
that we owe the earliest of our Colonial coins. These
were struck at the Royal Mint in the Tower of London in
1600; the license for their issue was obtained after
repeated application to the Privy Council, and, even
then, only by the employment of gross flattery: it was
pleaded that by permitting the issue of these coins the
name of Elizabeth would be thereafter respected by the
Asiatics, and "she be known as great a Prince as the
King of Spain." One side of these coins bore the Tudor
badge of a portcullis: by reason of this device they
were, and are still, known as "Portcullis Money." It
was not till the time of the "Merrie Monarch" that
permission was granted for the establishment of a mint
at Bombay. In later times further mints were estab-
lished in Bengal, Madras, Ceylon, and further India.

Of our African possessions, the coins are few and
uninteresting: most of them were struck in London, and
the earliest of them—for Sierra Leone—bears the very
recent date of 1791.

By far the most interesting of our Colonial coins are
those of the North American settlements. "New Eng-
land" (Massachusetts) heads the roll of these. This
State, in 1651, issued a series of moneys—simple discs of
silver of the value of a shilling, sixpence, and threepence,
stamped with the initials N.E. These were followed, in
1652, by a more regular issue of coins, bearing the device
of an oak or a pine tree. Maryland must be credited
with the only artistic coins of the whole Colonial series.
They were issued by Cecil, Lord Baltimore, and were
possibly struck from dies engraved by the celebrated
medallist, Thomas Simon. To the time of George I.
belongs the first regular Colonial coinage, a series
known as the "Rosa Americana," and finely produced
by William Wood, the victim of the pen of Dean Swift.

Of Canada the numismatic remains are again of
recent date and uninteresting; the official issue of a
State currency commences only after the incorporation in
1867. The various settlements had previously depended
upon an ample supply of tokens, many privately issued.

In the West Indies the absence of an official coinage
was met in a peculiar manner. Spanish coins—"pieces
of eight"—were plentiful: these were pierced or
chopped into segments, and the pieces were then stamped
with a punch bearing the initial letter or the full name of
one of the Colonies.

A similar custom obtained in Australia: here again
the Spanish dollar was mutilated and transformed into
what is known as a "Hol(e)y" Dollar. In the golden
days of the "fifties" the great mining companies were
forced to the issuing of gold pieces of regular weight,
and smaller traders were obliged by their necessities to
have recourse to a piteous emission of copper tokens,
the majority of which were produced in Birmingham!

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is always said that a man grows more conservative as he grows older; but for my part, I feel myself in many ways growing more and more revolutionary. Perhaps, by the time I am ninety-seven or so, I shall be going about with a blood-red flag and a bomb; a sanguine and sanguinary anarchist, but, fortunately (at that time of life), a comparatively harmless one. But even in this matter it is perhaps possible to distinguish. I am increasingly old-fashioned about the things that are old, but which were never mere fashions: the platitudes that have always been the pillars of our civilisation, and probably of every other. That a man should have one God, one wife, one country, so far as possible one house, and certainly not more than one vote—in these truisms I do indeed grow more conservative, or, to use a better word, contented. But about all the old fashions that are fashions, all the conventions of one class or country, all the comfortable explanations of everything current in families and sets, about these I am in increasing danger of becoming a cad and a ruffian, or, what is much worse, a sceptic. I am less inclined to criticise the marriage service, but much more inclined to make a scene at a Society wedding. I have much more belief in England, but much less belief in the British Constitution.

Now there is one maxim or theory (closely connected with the British Constitution, the pride and envy of, etc.) which I believed through all my youth, which most of my acquaintances believe still, which the majority of the most intelligent readers of this page probably believe still. Yet in the unfortunate attack of senile scepticism from which I now suffer, I have come to disbelieve it totally and entirely. I believe it is entire, unmitigated bosh. The theory to which I refer is that which describes the English people as having ultimately obtained liberty, justice, and self-government by a wise policy of going step by step. It is still almost universally accepted in English politics. It is the argument by which Miss Pankhurst and her friends defend their insane policy of votes for wealthy spinsters. They say it is the thin end of the wedge. It is the common defence offered by a Liberal Minister for not carrying out his Liberalism, by the Labour Leader for not pressing forward Socialism, by the fiercest English Socialist for never firing off a gun. They say the thing will come slowly, "just as the democratic franchise came." Indeed, the idea has soaked into us for many generations. Macaulay was never tired of preaching it: "because we had a conservative revolution in the seventeenth century, we did not need to have a destructive revolution in the nineteenth." Tennyson was never tired of preaching it—

The land of settled government,
The land of old and just renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

Well, as I say, it is all bosh. I have broadened down a good deal myself, both morally and physically; but I never found that such slow, natural processes, either of the body or the mind, were of any particular use for the purposes of practical repentance or reform. I am a wedge that has no thin end. For the truth is simple and sad. It is simply not the fact that we have, as a whole, gone on taking

little by little, but getting more and more. It would be much more true to say that history has at definite moments dangled reform in front of us, and asked (in her own vulgar language) "Will you have it now or wait till you get it?" We mostly decided to wait till we got it; and most of us are waiting still. This notion that our institutions slowly expand and improve is all founded on one weak coincidence in the case of the Parliamentary franchise. And even in the case of the franchise there is no such stately march of events as people imagine. There was a real democratic outbreak in England in

Universal Suffrage, but not one-twentieth part so boldly as they did in our great-grandfathers' time.

Apart from this trivial but plausible case of the franchise, the tale is not true at all. Partial changes have not led to larger changes, half reforms have not brought whole reforms nearer; they have deferred them indefinitely. Many who helped to abolish public executions hoped to abolish all executions. But does anyone believe that hanging is now as likely to be stopped as it would be if every hanging were public? Many who helped to disestablish the Church of Ireland hoped it would lead to disestablishing the Church of England. Does anyone believe we are now as near disestablishing it as we often were in the age of Mill and Bright? Many who helped to abolish flogging in the Army wanted to abolish it in the prisons; it would have been much easier to do it then than it is to do it now. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in the first stage of his career, believed that a constitutional monarchy must necessarily lead us on to a republic. He would now be the first to admit that a republic is much further off now than it was then.

The truth is that the whole of this "bit by bit" theory rests upon a perfectly plain blunder about human nature. To get ordinary people to agitate, especially to agitate themselves, is very difficult. To get them to make a heroic attack is very difficult. But to get them to make half an attack, and come back and finish the second half some years later when they are thoroughly sick of the first, is almost impossible. If a man is ready to be roasted for his religion, you had better catch him while he is still in that mood. But if he has made up his mind to be roasted he has also made up his mind to die. Humanly speaking, you cannot persuade him to be half roasted and to come back some months afterwards to roast the other half. If you have roused the iconoclasts, at the risk of their lives, to break the statues, you had better let them break all the statues. If you leave half the statues, those statues will stand till the day of doom. If you want the mob to tear down the railings, let it tear down all the railings. As the ethical idealists say about human life, it will not pass this way again.

It needs almost as much expenditure of intensity, patience, and provocative valour to undo half of a wrong as to undo the whole of it. The only difference is that when the

natural reaction of fatigue or laughter or alternative interests sets in, you have only half the wrong righted. Thus our reformers of churches or floggings or what not lost heart after their first victory. They could be excited about the flogging of a live man, but not by what seemed to them the flogging of a dead horse.

This is the fallacy of the "thin end of the wedge." It is so very thin; so thin that it breaks in the substance and stays there. We have heard of a place paved with good intentions. Our Constitution is a parquet floor made of polished triangular pieces of wood. It is entirely made out of the thin ends of wedges that have never got any further.

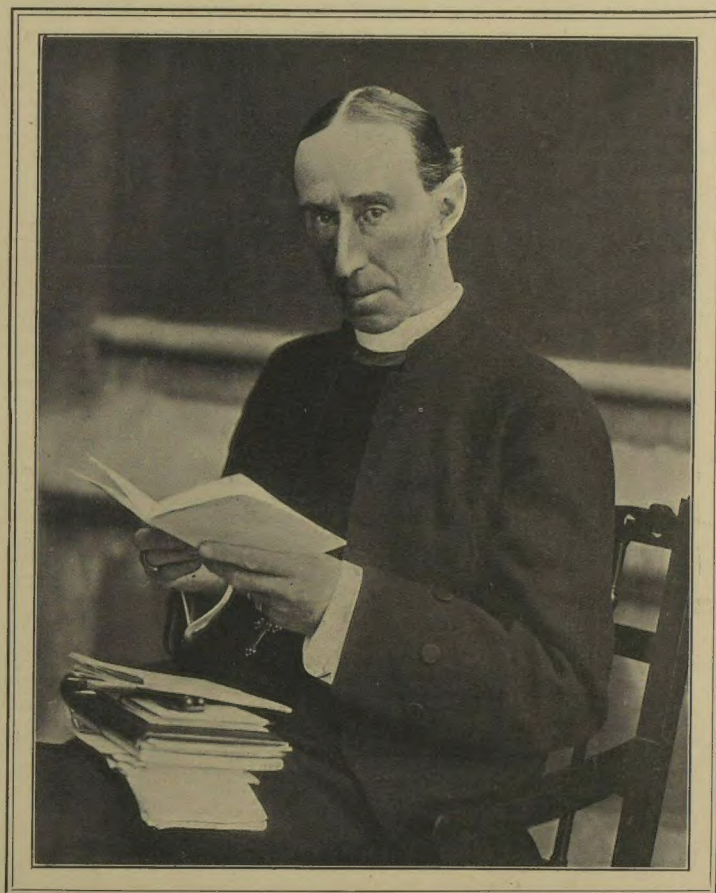


Photo. Russell.

A NOTABLE PRELATE OF THE CHURCH: THE LATE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

The sudden death of Dr. Paget, the Bishop of Oxford, after an operation, has deprived the Church of to-day of a great prelate and a leader who was the embodiment of her best traditions. The second son of the eminent surgeon Sir James Paget, the late Bishop received his first promotion from Mr. Gladstone, who in 1885 nominated him as Regius Professor of Theology at Oxford and Canon of Christ Church. In 1892 he succeeded Dr. Liddell as Dean of Christ Church, and, nine years later, at the instance of the late Lord Salisbury, he succeeded Bishop Stubbs as Bishop of Oxford. As Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, he took part at the Investiture of the Prince of Wales, and at the Coronation was one of the Bishops supporting Queen Mary, the other being the Bishop of Peterborough.

the eighteenth century (about the time of the admirable Wilkes Riots and onwards), but that was never embodied in any Act of Parliament or any Constitutional provision, except provisions for shooting the people like dogs. Some time after that a few very unscrupulous Whig aristocrats thought it would suit their book to enfranchise a lot of rich people of the manufacturing class; they also disfranchised a lot of poor people, though this is less often mentioned. Some time after that a very unscrupulous Tory adventurer thought it would suit his book to enfranchise certain kinds of working-people; and upon these two slender examples the whole theory is built. Now, after more than a century, in consequence of the peculiar feminine dilemma, one or two people are talking timidly about

THE VOTE OF CENSURE: THE LEADER OF HIS MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION ATTACKING THE METHODS OF THE LEADER OF HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE.



"THE KING IS THE FOUNTAIN OF HONOUR! THE GOVERNMENT HAVE DETERMINED THAT THE CORRUPTED": MR. BALFOUR MOVING HIS VOTE OF CENSURE ON THE GOVERNMENT

On Monday last (August 7) Mr. Balfour moved: "That the advice given to his Majesty by his Majesty's Ministers, whereby they obtained from his Majesty a pledge that a sufficient number of Peers would be created to pass the Parliament Bill in the shape in which it left this House, is a gross violation of Constitutional liberty, whereby, among many other evil consequences, the people will be precluded from again pronouncing upon the policy of Home Rule." In the course of his speech, the Leader of the Opposition said: "The propositions which I shall endeavour to lay before the House are that the Ministry have grossly abused their rights as advisers of the Crown; that by abusing those rights they have put themselves above the Constitution. . . . The King is the fountain of honour! The Government

STREAM THAT FLOWS FROM THAT FOUNTAIN SHALL, UNDER THEIR ADVICE, BE POISONED AND FOR ITS ACTION WITH REFERENCE TO THE GUARANTEES FROM THE CROWN.

have determined that the stream that flows from that fountain shall, under their advice, be poisoned and corrupted." When the Speaker put Mr. Balfour's motion, 146 voted for the vote of censure and 365 against it. On the following day Earl Curzon of Kedleston moved the same vote of censure in the House of Lords. The division list on this occasion showed that 281 voted for the vote of censure, and 68 against. On the left of the drawing (reading from the front towards the back) may be seen Mr. Chaplin, Mr. George Wyndham, Sir Robert Finlay, Viscount Valentia, Mr. F. E. Smith, and Lord Hugh Cecil. In the centre (with backs to the reader) are Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. On the right (from left to right) are Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Lloyd George.



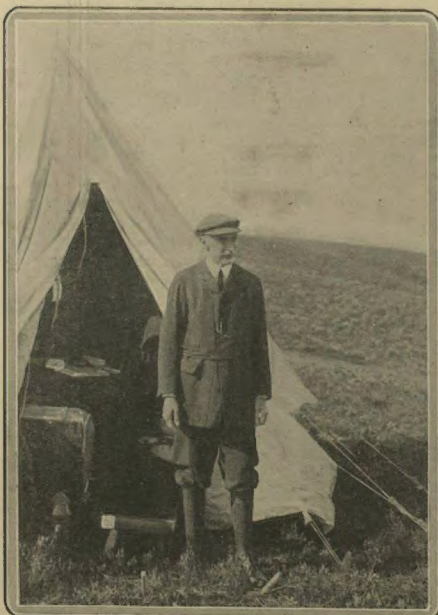
Photo, Russell.
REAR-ADMIRAL SIR COLIN KEPPEL,
K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O.,
Who is to Command the Ship taking
their Majesties to India.

highest distinction. He is an old personal friend of the King's, having been Flag-Lieutenant to the late Duke of Edinburgh in the Mediterranean when the King was serving on board as one of the Lieutenants. Both before that and since, Sir Colin has been closely associated with his Majesty. Admiral Keppel has seen considerable war service, particularly in the Egyptian War of 1882, in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and in the Khartoum Expedition, and was twice mentioned in dispatches. In 1909-10 he served as Rear-Admiral in command of the Atlantic Fleet. In addition to commanding the *Medina*, Sir Colin will have directly under his orders the escorting squadron, the four first-class armoured cruisers *Cochrane*, *Argyll*, *Defence*, and *Natal*. They will be placed under his orders on Nov. 2, and start a week later. The *Medina* commissions on the 10th of October.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
MR. P. J. H. HANNON,
The new Secretary of the Navy League.

organisation work—as the late Director of Agricultural Organisation to the Cape Government, and before that as chief organiser of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. He stood for Parliament last December for Bristol East, and is Vice-Chairman of the very successful Bristol branch of the League. For some time past Mr. Hannon has been a member of the Executive Committee of the Navy League, and also on the Executive Committee of the National Service League. He is, in



Photo, L.N.A.
A PRELATE'S QUARTERS IN CAMP: THE BISHOP OF LONDON
AS CHAPLAIN TO THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE.

The Bishop of London has been spending some days, at the end of last week and the beginning of this, in the camp of the London Rifle Brigade on Frith Hill, Cobham Ridge, Surrey, in virtue of his military rank as chaplain to the regiment. During his term of duty in camp the Bishop lives—he makes a point of accompanying the regiment every year when under canvas—in a small, regulation-size bell tent, fitted with a wooden floor and rug over it, small camp bedstead, folding chair and table, tin bath-tub and tripod washstand, and chest of drawers—the ordinary officer's camp outfit supplied to chaplains on duty in camp.



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE REV. C. N.
NAGEL,
Warden and Head-Master of the
United Services College, Windsor.

addition, a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, and of the Royal Colonial Institute.

The death of the Rev. C. N. Nagel, Warden and Head-Master of the United Services College, Windsor, forms a particularly sad



REVERSE. OBERSE.
CANADA'S CORONATION CENT.
One Cent Piece, the first new copper coin put in
circulation during the present reign—issued on June 30.

story, death being shown at the inquest to have been due entirely to overwork, of his own accord. It was stated by two medical men that they had warned Mr. Nagel that he was working too hard; but his inordinate zeal for his work could not be checked: he would not desist, getting up at three in the morning, as a rule, and working on until past midnight. The result was first a nervous breakdown,



Photo, L.N.A.

VALENTINE'S DAY AT BROOKLANDS: RECEPTION OF THE DOGGED ENGLISHMAN WHO WOULD NOT BE TURNED BACK.

Mr. James Valentine is the first of the English competitors to complete the 1010-mile course round Great Britain in the great air race, won by M. Beaumont after a neck-and-neck tussle with his compatriot, M. Val rines. Valentine was repeatedly stopped en route by a series of motor and other mishaps to his monoplane and bad-weather difficulties, and arrived at Brooklands thirteen days after starting. His pluck and perseverance in holding on to the end were deservedly acknowledged by the warmth of the reception he received, as shown in our Illustration.

which, however, Mr. Nagel would not admit was due to overtaxing his physical strength. Then came sudden heart failure and death. He was fifty-three years of age.

General Sir Robert Cunliffe Low, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, who died last Saturday, was an Indian cavalry officer of brilliant attainments and distinction. He was born in 1838—the son of General Sir John Low—and entered the cavalry of the old Bengal Army under the Honourable East India Company's régime in 1854, two years after Lord Roberts received his first commission. He saw active service all through the Indian Mutiny, both at Delhi and Lucknow, and took part later as Director of Transport in the Afghan War of 1878-80, his services being asked for specially by Lord Roberts, and under his "energetic and intelligent management the transport service was rendered as perfect as it was possible to make it." So Lord Roberts himself has placed on record. After that came field service in the Burmese War of 1886-88. He crowned his active career



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE GEN. SIR R. C. LOW,
G.C.B.,
A brilliant Cavalry Leader and
Keeper of the Crown Jewels.

as Commander-in-Chief of the skilfully planned and dashing executed Chitral Campaign of 1895, which brought him the G.C.B. and subsequently the five years' command of the Bombay Army Corps of the Indian Army.

Sir Charles Alexander Cameron, who is this year presiding over the Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health in Dublin (held next week, Aug. 15 to 21), is a member of the Army Medical Advisory Committee and Chief Medical Officer of Health and Public Analyst for Dublin. He is a very distinguished and widely known scientist and the author of a large number of works on chemistry, health, and hygiene, as well as of "The Chemistry of Agriculture" and "The History of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and Irish Medical Institutions." He was born in 1830.

The news of the sudden death at Brighton from heart disease of Mr. Frederick Mouillot, known widely as a provincial theatrical proprietor and touring manager, came as a great shock to his multitude of friends. He was in his forty-eighth year, and was born in Dublin. His early management, it is interesting to recall, was in partnership with Mr. Morell, a son of the celebrated throat specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie. As an actor, Mr. Mouillot had many exceptional experiences—one being the tragic fire at Exeter Theatre in 1887, when a hundred and sixty people lost their lives. Of late Mr. Mouillot had given most of his attention to his numerous touring enterprises all over the kingdom and in the Colonies, but he was also part-author of various successes on the London boards—among them "The Captain of the School" and "What the Butler Saw," in both of which pieces Judge Parry was his collaborator.



Photo, L.N.A.
THE LATE MR. FREDERICK MOUILLOT,
A widely known Theatrical Manager.



Photo, Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.
GERMANY'S GREATEST SCULPTOR: THE LATE PROFESSOR BEGAS.

Professor Reinhold Begas, whose recent death in Berlin, at the great age of eighty, all Germany is deploring, was the most famous sculptor of the Kaiser's dominions, and had been for forty years Germany's leading sculptor. His pre-eminent position in art, indeed, is coeval with—exactly as old as—the modern German Empire itself. It dated from 1871. He was a personal friend of the Kaiser's, and his busy chisel has left its mark all over the chief cities of Germany. In addition to many another notable piece of sculpture, Herr Begas executed the great national monument of the old Kaiser, the Emperor William I.



Photo, Lafayette.
SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON,
K.T., C.B., M.D.,
President of the Royal Health Congress
at Dublin.

A COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN A LITTER: THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO.

GENERAL MOINIER CARRIED ON MULE-BACK IN A LITTER



DIRECTING A FIGHT FROM A "CACOLET": GENERAL MOINIER, SUFFERING FROM FEVER AND TOO WEAK TO RIDE.
GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO GENERAL DALBIEZ DURING AN ENGAGEMENT.

It will be recalled by those who have followed Moorish affairs of late that General Moinier left Fez for Mekines on June 5 with almost all the troops under his command, and, after some resistance, occupied the town on the 8th, and received the submission of Mulai-el-Zin, the Sultan set up by the rebels. It was then arranged that a garrison of Moorish troops, "stiffened" with a few French soldiers, should be left in the place; and on the 11th General Moinier continued his march, returning shortly afterwards to Fez, that his troops might rest. Leaving that place again on the 22nd, he set out for the mountain region of

the Middle Atlas with the intention of subduing the Berbers who had not submitted. At that time he was already ill, although the fact was concealed from the troops. The grip of fever tightened and tightened, but the General was persistent in doing his duty, although towards the last he was so weak that he had to be carried in a litter until, eventually, the military base at Rabat was reached. It was from this litter, set down under the burning sun, that he directed the fight of July 6. Obviously, General Moinier is not visible in the photographs: the litter hides him.-(PHOTOGRAPHS BY OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH FORCE.)

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.

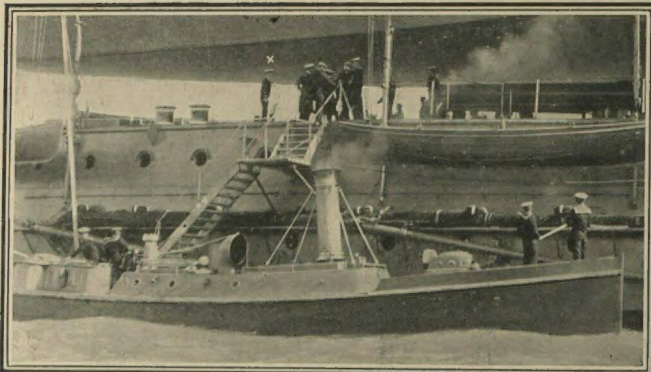


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

FORMALLY UNDER THE CHARGE OF HIS CAPTAIN AND GOVERNOR; MIDSHIPMAN H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ABOARD THE "HINDUSTAN."

The Prince of Wales joined his ship on Monday last, and so came under the control of Captain Henry Hervey Campbell, who will be not only his Royal Highness's Captain, but his Governor, so long as he is aboard the "Hindustan." Mr. Fred T. Jane, writing in the "Evening Standard," says that the King has "deliberately chosen for the Prince of Wales a ship whose captain will give the Prince no more cotton-wool than if he were the son of a pork-butcher, and has done so out of personal experience. . . . He has selected the one ship, of all others in the Navy, in which the Prince of Wales will sink or swim on his own merits, and royalty avail him nothing at all."

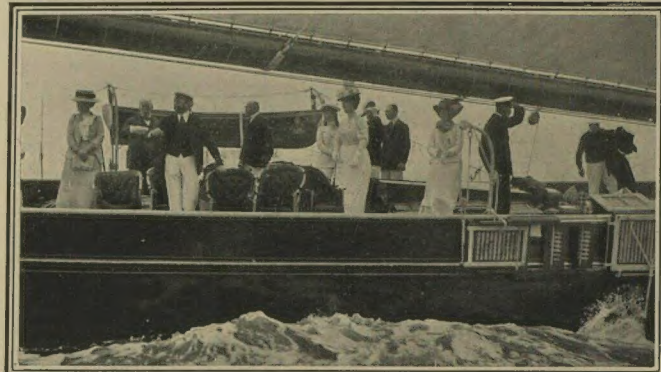


Photo. G.F.U.

A FAMILY PARTY ABOARD THE "BRITANNIA" AT COWES; THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY WATCHING THE RACING.

The visit of the King and Queen to Cowes came to an end on Monday morning, the day on which, as we have noted under the preceding photograph, the Prince of Wales joined his ship. On the previous afternoon the King had the crew of the "Britannia" assembled on deck, that he might thank them in person for their good service. The "Victoria and Albert" left her moorings at 9.20 a.m. to the salutes of the "Inflexible," the "Hindustan," and the Royal Yacht Squadron's battery. Portsmouth was reached at twenty minutes past ten; at eleven the royal special left; and at one Victoria was reached. On the deck of the yacht (from left to right) may be seen the King, the Marquis de Soveral, Princess Mary, and the Queen.

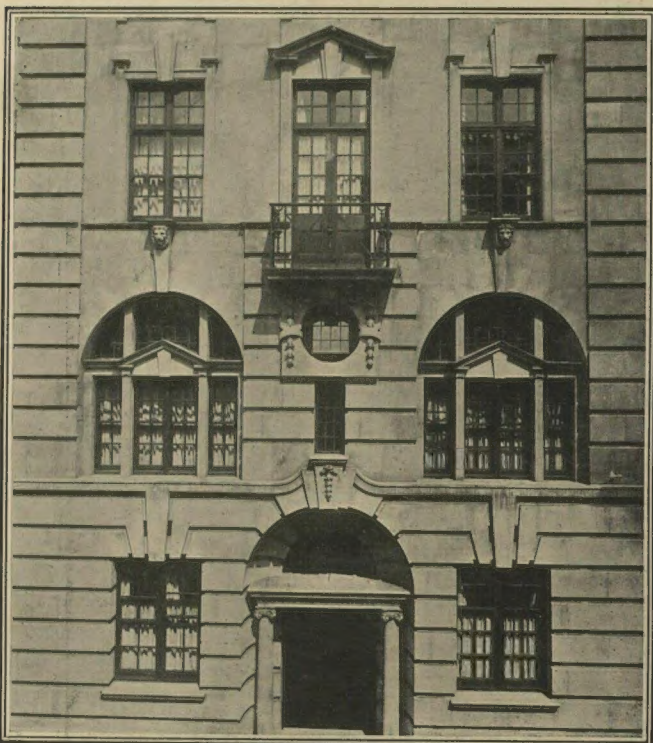


Photo. Topical.

TO CURE WITH HALF A TEASPOONFUL OF AN ALMOST PRICELESS SUBSTANCE; THE RADIUM INSTITUTE.

The Radium Institute will receive its first patients on the 14th. Thus will be inaugurated a work in which King Edward VII. took the greatest personal interest, a philanthropic movement which owes its being to the generosity of Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel. The institute will start magnificently in possession of about half a teaspoonful of radium, that almost priceless substance whose curative powers it has been founded to exploit. It will be open to rich and poor alike, and if the poor man's disease calls for the use of a disc containing forty milligrammes of radium (about £800 worth) that disc will assuredly be used.



Photo. Mansel.

GERMAN (BY TALKING-MACHINE) FOR THE FRENCH ARMY: FRENCH SOLDIERS LEARNING GERMAN WITH THE AID OF THE PATHOGRAPH.

Certain soldiers of the French Army are busy at the Sorbonne, in Paris, learning to speak German. They are taught in a novel manner in which the Pathograph, an ingenious talking-machine, plays very prominent part, and are said to be making excellent progress.



Photo. Underwood and Underwood.

THE BARNACLE-COVERED "MAINE"; THE AMERICAN "MYSTERY" BATTLE-SHIP BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

When this photograph of the hull of the "Maine" was taken the water in the cofferdam was only five feet deep. The effort to set at rest the doubts as to whether the sinking of the vessel in Havana Harbour was due to an external or an internal explosion will cost at least £50,000. It was the wrecking of the "Maine" it will be remembered which led to the Spanish-American War, with its resultant loss to Spain of Cuba and the Philippines. The Spaniards argued that the explosion was not caused by a mine; those Americans who were convinced that it was, stated that they believed that an external explosion caused the internal explosion which undoubtedly took place.

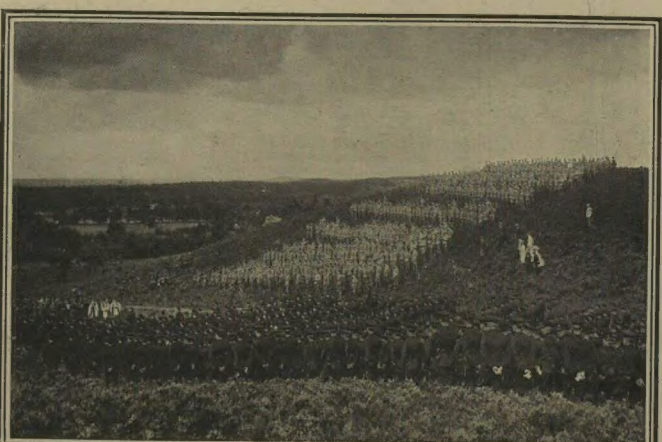


Photo. Topical.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AS FOURTH-CLASS TERRITORIAL CHAPLAIN: HIS GRACE CONDUCTING A DRUMHEAD SERVICE FOR THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE, NEAR CAMBERLEY. The Bishop of London has just spent a few days in camp with the Territorials who are at work near Camberley. He is Chaplain to the London Rifle Brigade, and, in that capacity, accompanies the regiment to camp each year. He is a fourth-class chaplain, ranks as captain, and is the junior chaplain in the camp.

DRESSED IN A SECRET: NON-SINKABLE SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.



KEPT AFLOAT BY THEIR CLOTHES: GERMAN INFANTRYMEN AND BERLINERS "MANŒUVRING" IN THE SPREE.

A remarkable demonstration was given the other day in the Spree, near Berlin, of a new fabric designed to make clothing so buoyant that it will keep its wearer afloat in the water. The composition of the invention which brings about this result is a well-guarded secret. To don a garment lined with it is to become unsinkable. On the occasion mentioned, infantrymen, in full marching kit, clad in uniforms lined with the material, which rendered the clothing

neither heavier, nor thicker than usual, threw themselves into the water, and not only did not sink, but were able to "march" in the water and to fire. At the same time, coffee was served to a party in the water, waiter and guests being clad in the special fabric. It is reported that recently the inventor, wearing his suit, jumped into the water before the Kaiser's steamer to demonstrate the value of his device, and that the police arrested him for impropriety!

ROSTAND DOES FOR THE AEROPLANE WHAT HENLEY DID FOR THE CAR:

"THE SONG OF THE WING."

LE CANTIQUE DE L'AILE

par EDMOND ROSTAND *et entent.* HOMÈRE.

Donc, c'est lorsqu'on disait le Sicle sans ivresse
Et l'âme sans emploi
Qu'on voit ressusciter tout d'un coup la Prouesse
Et renaitre l'Exploit!

Le Héros, qui s'était retiré sous sa tente
Comme le héros grec,
Vient d'arracher soudain la toile palpitante
Pour s'envoler avec!

Il y eut quelques fils, cette toile, et le vide...
Et l'homme s'envola.
Nous ne l'avons pas vu dans des fables d'Ovide:
Nous avons vu cela.

C'est en vain que s'accroche au fuselage grêle
Le spectre Icaréen.
Il est temps de chanter le Cantique de l'Aile:
L'homme n'a peur de rien.

Rien n'est plus impossible à l'homme qui machine
Son éternel complot,
Puisqu'il vient de s'asseoir sur l'invisible échine
D'un invisible flot!

Aile, enlève la roue au baiser gras de l'herbe,
Et monte au ciel d'été
Dans la gloire du risque et la dégout superbe
De la sécurité!

Tremble au vent fluvial! danse au remous sylvestre!
Et l'incline un moment,
Pour que les champs natales dorant l'Oiseau terrestre
D'un reflet de froment!

Et toi, notre Soleil, le plus beau qu'on souhaite
De chercher en mourant,
Reçois l'Aigle nouveau que fait notre Alouette
En se démesurant!

~ ~ ~

Quand ils virent que l'homme avait, dans le mystère,
Construit l'Aile, les Cieux,
Surent qu'ils allaient voir quel était, sur la terre,
Le peuple audacieux.

France, nous savions bien qu'en toutes les Histoires
Les hommes de ton sol
Seraient toujours debout sur tous les promontoires
D'où l'on peut prendre un vol;

Mais qu'ils l'aient pris si haut, quand des joueurs de flûte
Menaient déjà ton deuil,
C'est de quel s'arrêter pendant une minute
Pour avoir de l'orgueil!

Clair pays qui jamais des choses irréelles
En vain ne l'occupas,
D'autres ont plus que toi pu soupçonner: "Des ailes!"
Quand l'Aile n'était pas;

Mais dès que l'Aile fut, dès qu'il parut possible
Qu'indigné de marcher
L'homme se fit ensemble, ayant le ciel pour cible,
Et la flèche et l'archer;

Dès qu'il invitait au vol par le cri des deux frères,
Les Braves, pleins d'effroi,
Sentirent qu'il fallait d'abord des Téméraires,
Et qui fussent adroits,

Et qui fussent légers, et, la flamme aux prunelles,
Qui fussent coutumiers,
Lorsqu'il faut essayer une idée ou des ailes,
De mourir les premiers!

Dès qu'il fallait mourir pour ce qui vient de naître,
Tomber pour qu'on volât,
La France eut le frisson qui lui fait reconnaître
Que son destin est là!

Il suffit qu'elle sût qu'une aile était trouvée
De toile et de roseaux
Pour qu'elle ne fût plus qu'une immense couverte
D'impatients oiseaux!

Car la vertu d'un cœur dont toutes les blessures
S'ouvrent vers l'Orient,
C'est de n'attendre pas que les routes soient sûres
Et d'être impatient!

Depuis que cette chose impérieuse existe
Qui veut qu'on aille aux cieux,
La France est le pays des mères à l'œil triste,
Mais au front glorieux!

Ah! comme ils sont partis avec de l'allégresse,
Nos fils jeunes et fous!
Car on meurt pour l'azur comme on meurt pour la Grèce
Quand on est de chez nous!

Au moment qu'ils vont prendre, en un bruit de bourraque,
La route sans chemin,
Ils nous disent adieu d'un hochement de casque,
Puis ils lèvent la main!

Dans le ciel attristé de notre paysage
Ils se sont envolés.
Ils nous ont obligés de hausser le visage,
Ils nous ont consolés.

Ce sont de grands héros, ce sont nos purs athlètes,
Nos franchisseurs de mers,
Ceux dont le vent lui-même a couronné les têtes
Du bleu laurier des aînés!

Ah! ceux qui laissent tout pour ne plus voir les cimes
Que lorsqu'ils sont penchés,
On peut dire, ceux-là, qu'ils sont vraiment sublimes
Et vraiment détachés!

Quand leur Victoire d'or passe sur la campagne,
Tout est prodigieux!
Il faut, pour les guider de montagne en montagne,
Qu'on allume des feux!

Le petit paysan, grandi d'une couée,
Crie au ciel du patois;
Les rois ont des regards de Mages de Chaldée;
Le peuple est sur les toits!

Pour ces excitateurs d'âcretés divines,
Louange à tout jamais!
Chanson dans la vallée! Ode sur les collines!
Hymne sur les sommets!

Depuis qu'ils ont quitté légèrement les terres,
Ceux qui ne volent pas
Vous ouvrent plus souvent, ailes rudimentaires
Qui n'êtes que des bras!

Nous reprenons l'espoir, des fiertés, nos courages,
Depuis que nous almons
Ceux qui mêlent leur ombre aux ombres des nuages
Sur la pente des monts!

En vain des charlatans charbonnent sur l'asphalte
Ou bien sur les pavés;
Autour des bâtiments elle ne fait plus halte,
La Foule aux yeux levés!

La Foule aux yeux levés, qui chante, et vers la plaine
Précipite ses pas,
Ne voit plus les marchands d'ironie ou de haine
Qu'admirent les yeux bas!

L'Aile est victorieuse. Elle passe, repasse,
Et tient à repasser,
Sachant que sur le sol son ombre calme efface
Ce qu'il faut effacer!

Quand ils ont disparu dans la poudre céleste,
Ces Preux que nous disions,
Regardez donc le sable, et voyez ce qui reste
De vos divisions!

Tout s'efface! et le ciel prît par Lamartine
Voit, prévu par Hugo,
L'Oiseau qu'on découpa dans la voile latine
Fuir dans son indigot!

~ ~ ~

Il est temps de chanter le Cantique de l'Aile
Qui veut que nous ayons
Une route à jamais montante, et parallèle
Au trajet des rayons!

Il faut, sur cette terre où toujours l'âme gronde
D'où la Liberté sort,
Qu'au vieux Chant du Départ le jeune Echo réponde
Par un Chant de l'Esort!

Bonaparte, ce sont—dût, au fond des poèmes,
Ton Aigle s'en fâcher!—
Les fils de tes soldats qui voleront eux-mêmes
De clocher en clocher!

Chers Vainqueurs qu'on attend en ouvrant la fenêtre
De la plus haute tour!
Quand c'est, dans un pays, par le ciel qu'on peintre,
On lui porte l'amour!

Ah! la première fois que l'on vit, de la fange,
L'homme se séparer,
Nous avions bien compris qu'une sorte d'Archange
Allait se préparer!

Une Chevalerie ouvre une chevauchée
Qui va tout surpassant,
Et dont c'est le bonheur de n'être encor tachée
Que de son propre sang!

Qu'elles sont belles, sur la Montagne, les Ailes
De ceux qui sont venus
Nous apporter le Bon Message, et des nouvelles
De combats inconnus!

Batailles de l'espace! ineffables conquêtes!
Triomphes sans remords!
Gloire à tous ceux par qui ces choses furent faites!
Gloire à ceux qui sont morts!

Gloire à celui qui vient d'écraser sur la plaine,
Ou sombre au flot regard!
Gloire à celui qui meurt brûlé comme un phatène!
Gloire à celui qui part.

Et puis que plus joints on ne voit reparaître!
Nul ne l'a rapporté,
Nul ne l'a vu descendre... ah! c'est qu'il est, peut-être,
Monté, monté, monté!

Morts qui craigniez d'avoir, peut-être, par vous chutes,
Les vivants alarmés,
Quittez la seule peur qu'en tombant vous connaissez:
L'homme vole. Dormez!

L'homme vole, et déjà l'instable vol commence
De s'assurer un peu;
Car nos fins ouvriers avaient le ciel immense
Dans leur bourgeois bleu!

Et c'est pourquoi, souvent, d'en haut, le fier pilote
Rend grâces, d'un regard,
A l'obscur ajusteur qui tout en bas siffiole
Sur le seuil du Hangar!

Ah! chantons le Cantique, et disons cette Gloire
Qu'un ciel nous a donné
De voir, sur les cotéaux de Seine ou bien de Loire,
Descendre en vol plané!

Nulle époque n'est plus merveilleuse que celle
Où l'homme, avec stupeur,
Vient enfin de pouvoir déplier toute l'Aile
Qu'il avait dans son cœur!

Et sache-le, pays qui ne cesses toi-même
D'aller te dénigrant,
Nul peuple, pour autant qu'il s'admire et qu'il s'aime,
Nul peuple n'est plus grand

Que celui qui, tandis que sa force profonde
Est prouvée aujourd'hui,
Pour prouver son horreur de peiser sur le monde,
Vole au-dessus de lui!

~ ~ ~

Il est temps de chanter le Cantique de l'Aile,
Et que nous nous grisions
D'avoir vu la première et la plus solennelle
De nos évasions!

Aile, dégage-nous! allège-nous! essaye,
Rien qu'en passant sur nous,
De nous déconseiller tout ce que nous conseille
Le poids de nos genoux!

Quand il parait malgré sa brûlante cheville,
Bérier nous apprend
Comment on peut changer en aile une béquille,
Et la chair en esprit!

Même s'il doit paraître à la race future
Tout simple de voler,
La noblesse que l'homme eut de cette aventure
Ne peut plus s'en aller!

Rien n'empêchera plus qu'en cette claire toile
Qui nous passe au dessus,
Ces hauts regards jadis réservés à l'étoile
L'homme les ait reçus!

L'homme sait, qui revient des chemins sans couleurs,
Ce que les hommes font,
Ayant eu le recul, pour juger de leurs œuvres,
De tout le ciel profond!

Voler, c'est remuer, pour qu'il se renouvelle,
Le vieil azur dormant.
L'azur même a besoin qu'on le travaille. L'Aile,
C'est l'ensemencement.

Le Pégase endormi dans la bête de somme,
L'Aile l'a réveillé.
Tout devient plus facile et plus possible à l'homme
De l'homme émerveillé!

Tant pis pour qui, doutant, lorsque tu nous ajoutes
La Foi des Ailéons,
Aile! renie en toi la plus longue de toutes
Nos aspirations!

Mais gloire à ces bergers qui font plus d'une lieue
Pour te courir après!
Le vol de l'Aile est blanc! l'ombre de l'Aile est bleue!
Le vent de l'Aile est frais!

Rien ne saura jamais, comme le vent de l'Aile,
Balayer ce qui nuit!
L'Aile ravit, transporte, appelle... oh! rien n'appelle
Comme une aile qui fuit!

Voler c'est l'âme même, et non un jeu frivole.
Et ce peuple le sent,
Ce peuple où des vieillards pleurent parce qu'on vole
Le sent en grandissant!

Cet homme crierait-il quand, dans un ciel paisible,
Cingle ce vaisseau pur,
S'il n'avait pas senti que c'est Psyché visible
Qui traverse l'azur?

Entendrait-on, d'amour, lorsque passe cette aile,
Cette femme gémir,
Si cette aile, en passant, ne faisait pas en elle
Une autre aile frémir?

L'âme s'agit au fond de celui qui contemple
Une aile dans l'air bleu,
Comme un dieu prisonnier qui sent, du fond d'un temple,
Passer un autre dieu!

~ ~ ~

Vous par qui nous voyons, au-dessus de nos boues,
Une hélice, en plein ciel,
Monter en tournant comme une de ces Roues
Que vit Ezéchiel,

Vous qui vous enivrez de tenir, sous les astres,
Un étrange timon,
Et de fuir, pour l'azur sans règle et sans castres,
Nos arpens de limon,

Que chacun, dans son ciel, imite la manière
Dont vous avez été,
A travers le vent brusque et la forte lumière,
Chercher l'ébriété!

Quand la plaine est encore dans une aube livide
Ou rien ne s'orange,
Ceux qui sont dans le ciel sur leur œuvre intrépide
Voient le Soleil déjà!

Ceux qui sont dans le ciel voient avant nous l'aurore!
Oh! dans le firmament,
Gloire au Vol qui d'un jour encor futur se dore
Sédituellement!

Soyez comme l'Oiseau! Comme lui, dans vos moelles,
N'ayez plus que de l'air!
Montez! le ciel, sans vous, était moins beau: sans voiles,
Qu'était-ce que la mer?

Plus haut! toujours plus haut, pilote! et gloire aux hommes
De grande volonté!
Gloire à ces dérobours de flamme que nous sommes!
Gloire à l'Humanité!

Gloire au vieil Enchaîné qui, supplant la joie
De planer à son tour,
Etudia, pendant qu'il lui rongeaient le foie,
Les ailes du vautour!

IMITATED BY AIRMEN: THE VOLS PLANÉS OF BIRDS.

FLIGHT WITHOUT THE BEATING OF WINGS.



1. A BIRD GLIDING RAPIDLY ON THE AIR—THE TIPS OF THE WINGS BEHIND THE BODY.

2. A VULTURE MAKING A VOL PLANÉ.

3. A BIRD PLANING GENTLY—THE TIPS OF THE WINGS IN FRONT OF THE BODY.

4. A STORK MAKING A VOL PLANÉ.

5. A MASTER OF THE GLIDING FLIGHT: THE FRIGATE BIRD.

6. OF THE POINTED TYPE: A FALCON'S WING.

7. VARIOUS PHASES OF THE MECHANISM OF THE BIRD'S FLIGHT: SEAGULLS SEEKING FOOD.

8. OF THE ROUNDED TYPE: AN EAGLE'S WING.

9. THE SEAGULL IN FLIGHT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING VARIOUS STAGES OF THE MOVEMENT.

Now that there is so much talk of the vols planés made by airmen descending to Mother Earth, these illustrations should prove exceptionally interesting, especially to those few who have advocated the "beating-wing aeroplane." Birds over a certain size (roughly, it may be said, over two kilogrammes in weight) do not beat their wings when flying; they plane through the air. The pigeon beats its wings less rapidly than other small birds, and when descending from a height, half folds its wings and falls in a concave curve—that is to say, it falls to rise at the end of its fall on to the crest of a wave of the air it has compressed. Swallows and falcons follow this practice. There are two kinds of vols planés—that which is

an accessory to the beating of the wings, and that which depends on the use of wind and general air-currents by the birds, and their falling in the manner mentioned. For the rest, it should be said that the flight of birds still holds many secrets for man. Could he master them, probably he would be able to contrive flying-machines which would be immeasurably more stable and more valuable than those at present in existence—possibly, learning all about the vols planés, he would be able to abolish the motor and propeller from the aeroplane, and depend upon a series of gliding movements, although this, obviously, would mean always starting from a height. (See Article elsewhere.)

THE "MAISON DE MOLIERE" OF THE OPEN AIR: A COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE PERFORMANCE IN AN OUTDOOR THEATRE.

DRAWN BY J. SIMONT.



PAMPERED SUMMER PLAYGOERS OF PARIS: A FASHIONABLE AUDIENCE WATCHING "L'AVENTURIÈRE"

The exceptionally fine summer has greatly increased the number and the importance of the open-air performances given for the enjoyment of Parisians. A Sunday or two ago, for instance, the Comédie Française company presented "L'Aventurière" in the charming park of Maisons Laffitte, which is almost at the gates of Paris. Not only did the fashionable audience have the opportunity of hearing such well-known actors as Mlle. Cécile Sorel, Mlle. Revonne, and MM. Leitner, Dehelley,

IN THE THEATRE OF THE PARK OF MAISONS-LAFFITTE, SIPPING COOLING DRINKS, THE WHILE.

Mayer, and Siblot, but they were able to sit at their ease, sipping cooling drinks—an innovation which if, in the eyes of some, it did not add to the dignity of the "House of Molière," certainly contributed to the comfort of those watching its players in a heat which was almost tropical. So successful was the experiment that it seems more than probable that it will be repeated, the French Clerk of the Weather willing.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY



THE FAREZ DAYS OF EFFICIENCY IN ENGLAND.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ABOUT REST.

MILDEW AS AN ORNAMENT: FUNGUS MUCH ENLARGED.

the warm days enjoy a rest which is sometimes erroneously dubbed by the usual name of "holiday." For holidays by no means necessarily imply repose. On the contrary, I think I am safe in saying that, judging from ordinary observation of the people's ways, many of them, when they leave on a holiday trip, work as hard as, or perhaps a good deal harder than, they do when they represent the workaday world at home.

Nor is the baneful practice of "taking things with a rush" limited to the masses. Our American cousins are accustomed to hustle their European trips in a fashion which gives one to think of the marvellous store of potential energy which must be accumulated 'tween times in the States. The story of the American lady who said, on arrival in a given city, "I don't know what place this is; but if this is Tuesday, then it must be Berlin!" is not without its moral. Railways nowadays have entered the advertising field to an extent not dreamt of a few years ago. They invite you to be hurried off here, there, and everywhere, and thus promote the rushing tendency. When one reads of working-folk from Lancashire being taken to Paris and returned again within, say, thirty-six hours, it is clear that the worship of the god in the car has become an established cult among us.

In so far as the effects of bringing us in contact with our fellow-men are concerned, we may hail the holiday custom which takes people abroad with gladness. Better, perhaps, even to hustle through a short tour, and receive even fleeting impressions of other nations, than to conserve ourselves in our insular remoteness and prejudice.

But there is not the same excuse to be found for stay-at-home folks, who desire to obtain from their holiday-time the good effects which rest and change are supposed and expected to produce. The

surface of things, we speedily discover that Nature's ways are conducted on the rhythmical principle. There is really alternation of rest with work. No organ toils unremittingly; the very nature of vital work involves exhaustion of energy, and that store of force requires replenishment and renewal. So

activity is lessened in respect of the special functions they perform. In the animal world the alternation of rest and repose is more evident. The purpose of sleep itself, and its regular recurrence, are features directly connected with the recuperation of energy. All our cells, from those of the stomach to those of the brain, each being a living unit of the bodily commonwealth, require rest. Continual work and incessant labour are no more possible in the state of vitality than in the commonplace of life.

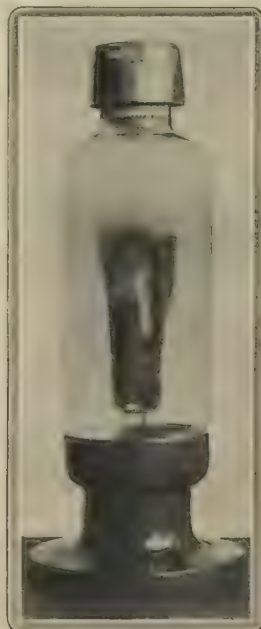
Take the case of the heart—surely a very characteristic instance. Here we find labour conducted on the principle of short spells of work, intercalated with short periods of rest. Listen to its beats, and you will find that these go in pairs. There is a first, long beat or sound, and a second shorter and sharper beat or sound to follow. These beats represent the heart's work. Between the first and second beat of each pair the ear detects a short pause, and between the pairs there is a longer interval. These intervals indicate the heart's rests. We can say exactly, by measuring the duration of beats and pauses in a single cycle of beats, that the heart really rests just as much as it works.

Very much the same story falls to be told of other organs. The breathing-muscles, like those of the heart, are organised on the short-rest principle, but the rest is real all the same. If secretion of bile in the liver is continuous, it is assuredly slowed down in sleep. The tear-glands even suspend their work in repose, and the first action of a sleepy man on waking in the morning, rubbing his eyes, is really meant to start the tear-glands once more on their work of secretion, and so to provide for the lubrication of the eyes.

Is there not some reflection of this physiological phase to be found in the social system under which we live? The need for a holiday seems to me to present an evolution into existence at large of a



SYNCEPHALASTRUM CINEREUM.



PHYCOMYCES SPLENDENS.

PARASITIC GROWTHS
AS DECORATIONS:
MILDEW
AS AN ORNAMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOYER.

Mildew, it seems scarcely necessary to point out, is a minute parasitic fungus which will appear on various parts of plants or other decaying organic substances, as a frost-like down, in spots, or with various discolourations. That it has its uses most people know. For instance, cheese is not

at its best until it is decomposed in greater or less degree. It has been left for recent investigation to show, however, that mildew may be used in several of its forms for decorative purposes. The results illustrated were produced in the following manner. The first necessity was a stick of liquorice, or a stick of wood dipped in material which would nourish fungi. The prepared wood (or the liquorice, as the case might be) was placed in a small glass, which was filled up with water. Then glass and stick were set in a glass cylinder, as shown. Next the wood (or liquorice) and the interior of the cylinder were sterilised. Finally, the wood (or liquorice) was inoculated with some particular fungus. The whole was then set in a warm place, to give the fungus opportunity to develop. So soon as it reached a sufficiently ornamental stage, the fungus was killed with formalin fumes. Results may be obtained by other methods, including one which spreads a coat of gelatine over the interior of a cylinder, inoculates that gelatine, and so produces a growth of fungus over the whole of the interior of the cylinder.

doctrine of the need and value of rest is preached to us scientifically, even in the cursory study of life all round. Vital action may appear in truth to be of continuous nature. The heart works constantly, it might be said; the play of the lungs is unceasing; weary brain-cells may and do function when we are asleep; and the work of liver and sweetbread, if slowed down in repose, does not actually cease. But this view of matters is superficial entirely. If we dip below the

true is it all over the universe, that to get work done we must supply the power of doing it.

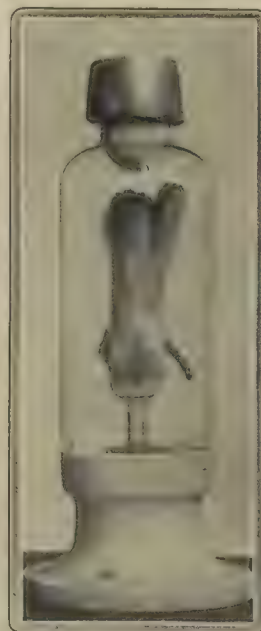
A survey of both plant and animal life reveals the rhythm of rest and work. Plant-sleep is a perfectly recognised condition. The leaves of the wood-sorrel and the clover show us an attitude of repose by night, and as characteristic and different a position by day when the leaf-activities are in full sway promoted by the light. The moving plant of India, whose leaves oscillate by day, quieten down in the dark. Flowers, too, have their sleep-periods, when, it is legitimate to suppose, their

principle which life in particular typically exhibits. Possibly our evolution has determined naturally that when the summer-time approaches, then is the period to attain that general rest of body which is to fit and prepare us for the working days to come. Wise are they who do not hustle through their rest-time, and who find in change of air and scene, and in gathering "the harvest of a quiet eye," their exceeding great reward.

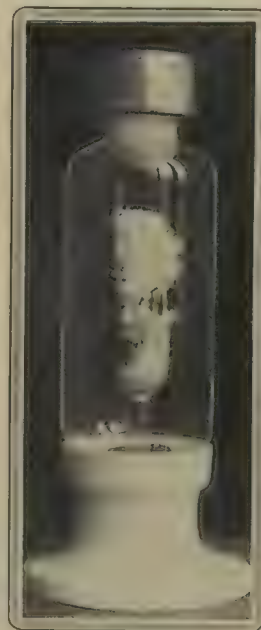
ANDREW WILSON.



MUCOR RETICULATUS.



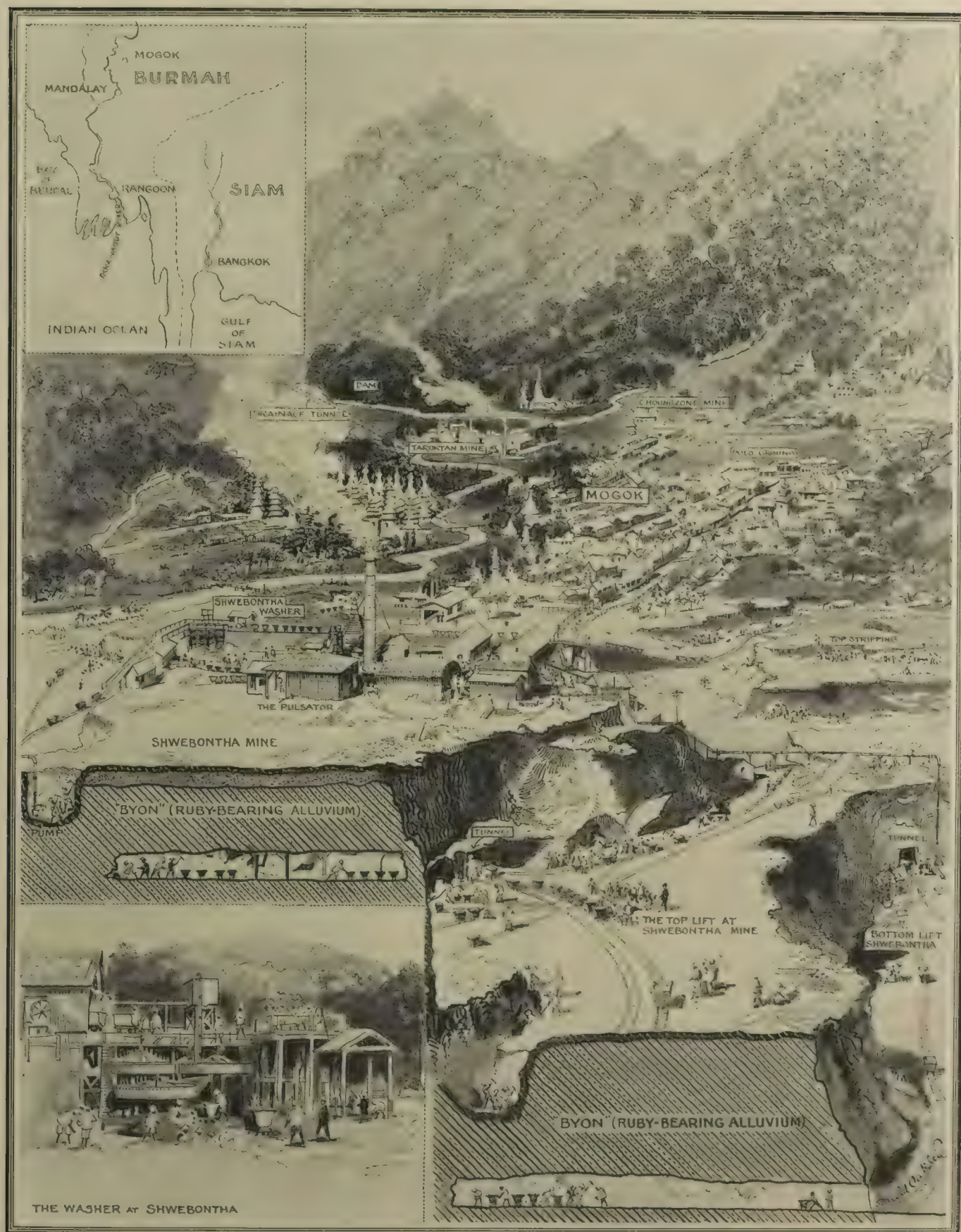
PENICILLIUM CLAVIFORME.



ISARIA FLAVA.

THE TREASURES BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE: RUBIES.

RICHES UNDERGROUND; AND HOW THEY ARE GAINED.



II.—RUBY-MINING: THE WORKINGS OF THE CELEBRATED MOGOK MINES, IN UPPER BURMAH.

The drawing shows the celebrated ruby mines of the Mogok Valley, in Upper Burmah, sixty-five miles north of Mandalay. These were worked in the fifteenth century. Until recent times their precise position was jealously guarded by the Burmese, who rendered them inaccessible to Europeans. After the occupation by Britain, in 1886, the Burmah Ruby Mine Company was formed. The company is a ruling power in Mogok. The individual native digger still survives under the care of the State, but must get a license from the company. The deposit in which the rubies are found is alluvial. The company works on a large scale. It strips several acres of the ground off the surface of the valley—this is

called "top-stripping" and is really removing the useless matter that has accumulated on the top of the ruby alluvium. The ruby-bearing soil is then attacked by an army of diggers: it is carried away in trucks to the "washer": then it is emptied into troughs, and jets of water are turned on to it. The process is completed by a mechanical separator, consisting of three great revolving pans through which water pours, carrying away the gravel. The gravel, after being graded by means of a graduated mesh, is passed through the "pulser," where the rubies are separated from it by gravitation. After this the stones pass into the hands of the sorters.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, HAROLD OAKLEY.

ART & MUSIC &

THE DRAMA



MR. WATSON HUME AS WEELUM SPRUNT
IN "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," AT THE
HAYMARKET.



MICHAEL ANGELO & POPE JULIUS THE SECOND IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL



MISS KATE MOFFAT AS BUNTY BIGGAR
IN "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," AT THE
HAYMARKET.

MUSIC.

ONE of the most interesting productions of the autumn season should be the great pantomime work by Engelbert Humperdinck, which is to be produced at Olympia. The composer of "Hansel and Gretel" and the "Königskinder" has so many friends and admirers in this country that a work employing two thousand performers and set to music on new lines cannot fail to attract considerable attention. The book is founded upon an old German legend; the story is told, for the greater part, in the cloister; we hear of miracles, visions, and "celestial choirs." For many of the chants and hymns, Humperdinck has gone to thirteenth and fourteenth century sources, though, of course, he will devote the most modern resources to the expression of the old melodies. The organ will be very much in evidence. During the present month, Humperdinck hopes to visit London in order to satisfy himself of the acoustic properties of Olympia. His survey made, a special stage, to be built in accordance with the requirements of so vast an undertaking, will be put in hand under

Miss Beatrice Harrison has had the good fortune to receive from a great patron of music a 'cello by Peter Guarnerius, an instrument said to stand alone in the world, and she will use it in London at her next recital—which, by the way, will not be given for some months. The maker of this wondrous 'cello would appear to be the son of old Andreas Guarnerius, who worked, with Stradivari, under Nicolas Amati in the seventeenth century. There were two Peters and two Josephs in

company? There is material for a romance in the question.

"The Girl of the Golden West," with Mlle. Joan Brola in the title rôle, is to be given in English by the Thomas Quinlan Opera Company when it goes on tour in the late autumn. Puccini is said to have chosen Mlle. Brola for the part. She is an American, and has been singing for some time past with the Henry Savage Opera Company in the States. It will be interesting to see whether the composer's strange reading of life in a mining camp will gain acceptance under the new conditions.

Great soloists who have been accustomed in years past to draw enormous fees from private concert-givers during the London season have been heard to complain in the last few weeks. The dancers have been ousting them from their most profitable work, and the town's great entertainers have been delighting their friends with little pantomime plays and exhibitions of dancing. Small wonder, then, that the return to favour of ballet is not regarded with unmixed pleasure in musical



BUNTY BIGGAR (MISS KATE MOFFAT) COMFORTS
WEELUM SPRUNT (MR. WATSON HUME).

the gifted Guarnerius family, all violin-makers, and though their instruments are not of equal worth, they are in great demand. The responsibilities attaching to the possession of very valuable instruments are not to be overlooked. Only a few years ago Ysaye was robbed of a priceless Stradivari while he was giving a series of concerts in St. Petersburg, and a loss of this kind is the greater because it is well-nigh impossible to replace. Who plays upon the stolen violins, and in what



MR. GRAHAM MOFFAT AS
TAMMAS BIGGAR, AND MISS
JEAN TURNBULL AS NUSSIE
DUNLOP.

the direction of Herr Reinhardt, who will be responsible in part for the production. It is likely that Humperdinck will direct the first performance of his great spectacular production, as well as the first performance of the "Königskinder" at Covent Garden. Children will be most in evidence on the stage, and the music will supply the place of the human voice. In this connection the composer hopes to obtain some striking and novel effects from the organ. In all probability, the success of dumb show at Covent Garden has stimulated the promoters of the new undertaking, for the arrangements with the composer were only completed in the middle of last month.



MR. GRAHAM MOFFAT AS
TAMMAS BIGGAR, AND MRS.
GRAHAM MOFFAT AS FELEN
DUNLOP.

circles, or that musicians are expressing a fervent hope that the "craze" for dancing may be short-lived. In the meantime, negotiations are in progress for the return to town of the Russian Imperial Ballet.

Mr. Oscar Hablmerstein has announced that he will open the London Opera House, in Kingsway, in the middle of November, and is so sanguine as to the success of his venture that he believes firmly that it will come to continue. His first programme will consist of "Quo Vadis"; for he intends, above all, to present dramatic operas. Many are awaiting his opening night with more than usual interest.



IN LINTHWAITE KIRKYARD: WEELUM RECEIVES THE CONGREGATION.

"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

It is interesting to note that of the twelve characters in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the Scottish comedy which is meeting with so much success at the Haymarket, seven are played by members of the Moffat family. Mr. Graham Moffat the author, plays Tammas Bigger; Mrs. Graham Moffat, Felen Dunlop; Miss Winifred Moffat, his daughter, the small child's part; Miss Kate Moffat, his sister, Bunty Bigger; Mr. Watson Hume Moffat and Mr. Sanderson Moffat, his brothers, Weelum Sprunt and Dan Birrell; Mrs. Watson Hume, being English, has to content herself with a walking-on part.

ADVERTISING BY ARTISTE: A BLONDIN ACT AS A MAGNET.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CYRUS CUNEO.



ATTRACTING PATRONS TO HER EMPLOYER'S PREMISES: A WOMAN WALKING A TIGHT-ROPE STRETCHED ACROSS
A SAN FRANCISCO STREET, TO DRAW CUSTOMERS TO A SALOON.

The United States is the home of ingenious advertising, the paradise of the "publicity-agent": so become possible such exhibitions as that here illustrated. This method of attracting customers is usually favoured by dancing-halls or saloons. It is most efficacious.

THE DAINTIEST PHASE OF THE ENGLISH SUMMER: 'MIDST THE GREEN AND SILVER GLORIES OF THE RIVER'S BANK.

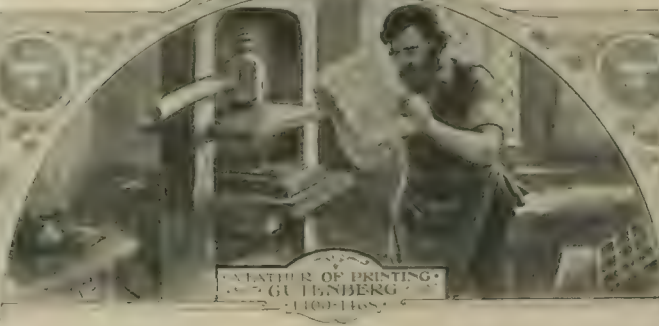
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. SIMONT.



REVELLING IN NATURE'S BOUNTY: ON A LAWN AT COOKHAM.

The present, of all seasons, is that which best brings the lover of the Thames into complete accord with Waller's lines: "Of famous cities we the founders know: But rivers, old as seas to which they go, Are Nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown To make a river than to build a town." At no time of the year is it more pleasant to revel in the green and silver glories of the river's bank: a greater delight to lounge in punt or laze on lawn.

• AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S •



ANDREW LANG ON CERTAIN CRITICS.

"GO and see what baby is doing and tell him he mustn't," says the little girl in a back number of Mr. *Punch's* popular miscellany.

A great many critics act on the principle which the little girl constructed on the model, doubtless, of the methods of her dear mamma. Reviewers constantly, when they find out what a man of letters is doing, tell him that he must desist; not only that, but they tell him what he must do.

I have lately observed two instances of this pleasant practice of the reviewer, and they came very agreeably into my way. An American scholar had devoted no less than forty pages of a learned magazine to a demolition of my views as to the kind of armour that was worn by Homer's heroes. He began by accusing me of wishing to transfer the trial of this rather obscure question from a court of experts to the bar of "popular judgment," and of "the English-speaking public" at large.

Now, I ask you, what in the name of the Ashmolean Museum does the great English-speaking public know or care about whether Agamemnon wore a breast-plate and bronze leg-guards, or whether he fought as naked as Achilles in the statue dedicated by the women of England to the glory of Arthur, Duke of Wellington?

Of course popular judgment, that of the man in the street, is a judgment to which no sane man would appeal in such a subject as this of the armour.

I was saying this, in a brief but trenchant reply to the long censures of my American critic, when I received two proofs of the indifference even of the learned to the shields and breast-plates of Homer, and also two examples of that behaviour of critics which I can only describe as

"awful check." First, in the new number of the *Quarterly Review*, a pundit of Oxford University gently reproved me for working at

Origin of Totemism," I will.

Indeed, in the phrase of an old writer, "I have done more—I have done it," and it is very amusing; but it takes two men to see the joke—one man being a profound anthropologist, and the other a yet more profound student of psychology and metaphysics. Each of them can only see half of the joke; and I wrote it as the St. Andrews student—

Sang the song "Ta l'hairshon"
For his personal diversion.

Next came a certain learned Father Donnelly, of the Society of Jesus, writing in an American serial styled *America*, and he adjured me not to write about the shields and other armour in Homer, because "we do not care about archaeology"—"we," I presume, being either the great American people or the Society of Jesus.

Now, if these are Father Donnelly's tastes, why does he review books about archaeology? Is it even quite honest? Can he not leave to scholars the task of criticising works concerning whose topics he is as ignorant and indifferent as he is deeply learned in my own twopenny minor poems; the Saints be his pillow!

At all events, he has cleared me from the intolerable charge of addressing myself, on a scientific question, to the great English-speaking public.

As I am grumbling, I reckon it a grievance that private epistles by men of letters should be publicly advertised for sale. One of mine (at five-and-sixpence) contains, in the bookseller's catalogue, this passage: "That the lady should drag off your bedclothes was to be expected, but why should she assault the slavey?" The lady, I know from the context, was a ghost, concerning whom the percipient had consulted me. But that could not be guessed by every reader.



THOUGHT BY SOME TO BE A PORTRAIT OF GERMANICUS AND BY OTHERS TO BE A PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS; THE BRONZE HEAD OF THE AGE OF AUGUSTUS WHICH HAS JUST BEEN PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The head illustrated was discovered at Merz by Professor John Garstang in December of last year. It is agreed that it is of the age of Augustus. It was at first suggested

that it showed Germanicus, who died, at the age of thirty-four, in A.D. 19; since then, although some still hold the original view, others, including Professor Garstang himself, have come to the conclusion that it is more likely to show the Emperor Augustus. Some, indeed, believed this from the beginning. Those holding the first opinion were much impressed by the likeness of the profile in that of Germanicus on certain coins. The chief difficulties in accepting the view that it shows the Emperor Augustus are explained away by Professor Garstang as follows: "The chief difficulties in accepting this view—namely, the drawn-down character of the mouth, the length of the nose, and the extra-prominence of the ears—are explained away by a sculptor's argument that the head was designed and fashioned to be looked at from below, an explanation which the colossal size of the head entirely justifies. In the upper portion of the face and head the resemblance to Augustus is already strong, but when viewed from the point of view suggested the likeness of this new portrait to other official presentations of the Emperor becomes convincing."

"The Homeric Question and Other Fairy Stories," in place of adding to my rhymed translations from the most minor of the Greek minor poets. Of course, I am touched by his benevolence towards my rhymes, but, at best, as some sage has said, "translating is the idlest thing that a scholar can do" (mine used to be done during railway journeys, on the fly-leaves of the Greek Anthology), and, next, I am not certain that it is lawful for Christians to do translations in rhyme. "The original," as Mr. Matthew Arnold said, "is no longer recognisable."

Finally, no critic, not even a *Quarterly* reviewer, has any business to go and see what a baby is doing and tell him that he mustn't.

It is a free country; and if I like to write on "Telepathy as the



THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS, OR GERMANICUS? THE BRONZE PORTRAIT-HEAD WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

To quote an article in the "Times": "This unique specimen of Roman art belongs at any rate to the age of Augustus, and without much doubt represents a member of his family. It is in a perfect state, even to the preservation of the eyes, which are of alabaster, with the iris and pupil inlaid, and the eyelashes, which are of bronze. The surface is covered with a rich green patina, with slight traces of lime accretion, but otherwise the whole piece is in its original state. It represents a man looking slightly downwards and to the right. Being of large size, it was originally intended to be raised considerably above the observer, and the sculptor has clearly borne this fact in his mind when working on the details. The moulding of the

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Institute of Archaeology of the University of Liverpool. (Continued opposite.)



THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS, OR GERMANICUS? THE BRONZE PORTRAIT-HEAD WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Continued.)
cheeks and face is full of subtlety and delicate expression, which varies considerably in different lights; and though there is severity suggested in the firm drawn mouth, the general effect is thoughtful and pleasing, particularly as regards the upper part of the face and eyes. The hair is dressed in the conventional style of the period, and the back of the head and the shape of the bust as a whole also conform with well-known models. The ears, however, are more prominent than usual. The head was presented to the British Museum by the Sudan Excavations Committee of the Institute of Archaeology of the University of Liverpool, who, by the way, are publishing these photographs of the head in a printed cover at a nominal price.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Institute of Archaeology of the University of Liverpool.

THE STALKING-GROUND OF DEATH: WHERE DIRT AND DISEASE REIGN.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT, FROM A SKETCH BY M. KOCH.



A BREEDING-PLACE OF CHOLERA: THE OVERCROWDED, INSANITARY LODGING OF POOR WORKPEOPLE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

According to reports received at the French Ministry of the Interior, cholera is finding its way from Russia to France, a condition of things responsible for considerable anxiety. Russia is particularly plagued by the dread disease, as well as by others—chiefly, it is argued, because of the insanitary, overcrowded lodgings of the poor, and the average peasant's indifferent food. It is pointed out, for example, that in certain of the small eating-houses of the capital and of Moscow a number of people will eat out of the same dish, while some

of the lodging-houses frequented at night by those who can afford to pay but a few ha'pence for accommodation are dirty in the extreme—as foul, that is to say, as the clothes of their inmates. The working-classes, it may be noted, live on cabbage-soup, a sour rye-bread, sour cucumbers, and sour milk. The last-named is looked upon as something of a luxury—in the towns at all events. There were 216,091 cases of cholera in Russia last year; and of these 101,002 were fatal. Most of the deaths occurred in a period of four weeks.

ABBEY AS MURAL PAINTER: DECORATIONS IN THE CAPITOL AT HARRISBURGH.



1. RELIGION.

2. ART.

3. THE SPIRIT OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

4. SCIENCE REVEALING THE TREASURES OF THE EARTH.

5. THE SPIRIT OF VULCAN, THE GENIUS OF THE WORKERS IN IRON AND STEEL.

6. THE SPIRIT OF LIGHT.

7. LAW.

8. SCIENCE

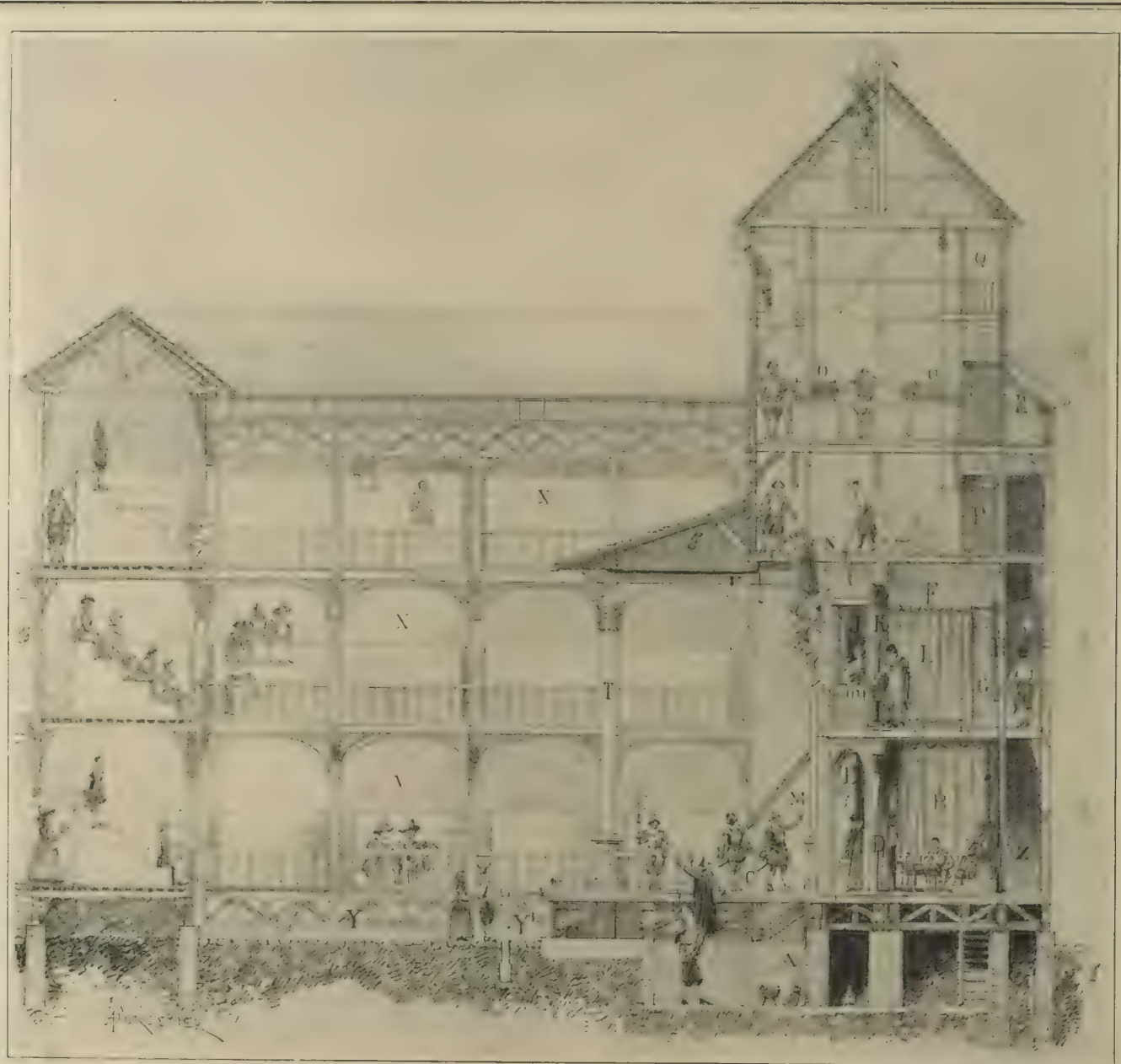
The mural paintings in the Capitol at Harrisburgh bear eloquent witness to the late Edwin A. Abbey's very exceptional skill in that particular branch of his art, a branch he was following diligently at the time of his lamented death, when he was engaged upon works illustrating the history of the State of Pennsylvania for its House of Representatives. We may give the following details of the pictures. (1) On the background is the following quotation from Latimer: "For Religion, pure Religion, I say, standeth not in the wearing of a monk's cowl, but in Righteousness, Justice, and Well-doing." (2) The quotation is from Plotinus—"Art deals with things forever incapable of definition, and that belong to Love, Beauty, Joy, and Worship, the shapes, powers, and glory of which are forever building, unbuilding, and rebuilding in each man's soul, and in the soul of the whole world." (3) "The Spirit of Religious Liberty, accompanied by Faith and Hope, is guiding the ships of the early settlers to the New World. Pennsylvania was the first land where

men and women were allowed to worship according to the dictates of their consciences, without fear of persecution." (4) "Science points with her spear to the depths below the surface of the earth, revealing to the men who are climbing down into the mine its hidden treasures. Science brings with her Fortune and Abundance." (5) "One group of workers is shaping a section of armour-plate in a bending press. Another group is hammering out a rudder post. Blast-furnaces, etc., are in the background." (6) "The background shows a group of derricks over oil wells, and Spirits bring light to the world, bearing it up from beneath the earth." (7) The quotation, from Alexander Hamilton, reads: "Justice is the end of Government. It is the end of Civil Society. It ever has been and ever will be pursued, until it be obtained, or until Liberty be lost in the pursuit." (8) The quotation is from a temple of Isis in Egypt—"I am what is, what shall be, what hath been. My veil hath been disclosed by none. The fruit which I have brought forth is this, the Sun is born."

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WHERE MONEY CAME FROM FOR DULWICH COLLEGE: THE FORTUNE.

A RECONSTRUCTION BY A. FORESTIER.



1. THE BASEMENT.

- (A) Basement, from which spirits, witches, and so on could appear on the Lower Stage by means of trap-doors. The Basement extended under the whole floor of the theatre, and was used not only for the purpose named, but for dressing-rooms and for the storage of properties. Staircases led from this to the upper floors.

2. THE LOWER STAGE.

- (B) The Inner Stage of the Lower Stage.
 (C) The Outer Stage of the Lower Stage.
 (D) The Curtain dividing the Inner and Outer Stages.
 (E) A Door giving Access to the Outer Stage. There was another on the other side of the curtain. A scene was played on the Outer Stage before the drawn curtain, while another was being prepared on the Inner Stage. Then the curtain could be drawn aside and the play continued on the Inner Stage, which had been made to represent a room or some other place signified by a flat or painted curtain drawn across the back wall of the Stage. On the curtain dividing the two Stages being drawn again, the piece was resumed on the Outer Stage, and so on.

3. THE UPPER STAGE.

- (F) The Gallery, which was above the Inner Stage, and of the same size. Trap-doors were between this and the Inner Upper Stage.
 (G) Doors giving Access to this Stage.
 (H) Gallery Window, masked by a curtain.

- (I) Railing or Parapet, to represent Battlements, a Balcony, or anything of that kind.
 (J) Gallery Windows, above the Outer Stage door.
 (K) Curtain closing the Gallery.
 (L) Curtains running across the Gallery and the Stage, to divide them.
 (M) Covered Staircase from the Yard to the Stage, reserved for musicians, actors, and possibly privileged spectators.

4. THE HUT.

A lofty construction above the Gallery and part of the Outer Stage. Specially arranged for mechanical devices designed to work miraculous appearances and disappearances of gods, angels, spirits, and so on.

- (N) The Floor of the Hut, showing large trap-doors through which characters and mechanical devices, such as chariots and clouds carrying two or three actors, could be lowered and raised.
 (O) Windlasses for raising and lowering the devices just mentioned; set on platforms at either end of the Hut.
 (P) Hut Doors.
 (Q) Upper Outside Balcony, at the top of the building, from which announcements were made, and from which trumpets were sounded at the beginning of the play. This ran round three sides of the building.
 (R) A Smaller Balcony, extending from one end of the Hut to the other; used for various purposes, including the ringing of bells and the firing of cannons and guns.

- (S) The Flagstaff. A flag was hoisted on this to show that the play was about to begin, and was flown during the performance.

5. THE SHADE.

A Roof extending from the outer wall of the Hut over the Outer Stage, to protect the actors.

- (T) One of the Two Ornamental Pillars (called "The Satyrs," from the heads which formed their capitals) which supported the Shade.
 (U) The Heavens. The ceiling of the Shade and that of the Outer Stage were of painted cloth, and called the Heavens. Through that cloth (disguised by a hanging strip of the same material) was the hole of the trap-door through which the gods and so on appeared and vanished.

6. THE SPECTATORS' GALLERIES.

- (V) The Lower Gallery, consisting of four rooms on each side of the house, partitioned from one another—the origin of the modern boxes.
 (X) Two Upper Galleries. In detail these showed practically no difference, and varied one from the other only in price paid for seats. The same remark applies to the three Galleries facing the Stage.

7. THE YARD.

- (Y) The Yard. An open, unroofed space in front of the Stage, where the common playgoers, the groundlings, stood.
 (Y¹) Railing to keep the spectators away from the edge of the Stage.
 (Z) Stairways behind the Stage and the Gallery.

ALMOST AS FAMOUS AS THE GLOBE OF SHAKESPEARE: THE FORTUNE THEATRE—A SECTION OF IT.

It should be noted that the figures shown are not acting in unison. They were placed to indicate the workings of all the arrangements. The means of access from the streets are not shown in the section. It may be assumed that, for economy of space, an external flight of steps rose from the streets to each gallery. A doorway large enough to admit a horse and cart existed, in all probability, at the left-hand corner of the building, and through this the groundlings would gain admission.

CHIEF RIVAL TO SHAKESPEARE'S THEATRE, THE GLOBE: THE FORTUNE.

A RECONSTRUCTION BY A. FORESTIER.



WHERE EDWARD ALLEYN MADE MUCH OF THE MONEY WITH WHICH DULWICH COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED:

THE FORTUNE THEATRE—A PERFORMANCE OF "THE ROARING GIRL" IN PROGRESS.

The Fortune Theatre, chief rival to Shakespeare's Theatre, the Globe, was between Whitecross Street and Golding Lane, in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. Before it stood a name-sign, a statue of Dame Fortune; just as before the Globe stood a Hercules upholding a world. The building of it was begun in 1600 for Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, who opened it in that or the following year. It was burnt down in 1621, and was rebuilt. It was destroyed by Puritan soldiery in 1649; but its frontage stood until, at all events, the middle of the eighteenth century. At it (and at the Bear Garden, Bankside) Alleyn made the money with which Dulwich College was founded. Of the eleven theatres in London at the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Globe and the Fortune alone were served by the two great

companies which were under the Sovereign's patronage, as well as by smaller companies. The two great companies were those of the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Admiral. "The Roaring Girl" was written in 1611 by Thomas Middleton, aided by Dekker. In view of this reconstruction by our Artist it is interesting to note that another reconstruction is in the making—in the form of a model by Mr. James P. Maginnis, A.M.I.C.E., M.I.M.E. Photographs of this will be published exclusively in "The Illustrated London News" in due course. Meantime, it should be understood that the two reconstructions are distinct: neither Mr. Forestier nor Mr. Maginnis was aware that anyone else was at work on the same subject.

MONEY WHICH HAS SEEN MANY CHANGES IN BRITAIN'S FORTUNES.

CURRENCY FROM OVERSEAS: ENGLISH COLONIAL COINS OF VARIOUS PERIODS.



1. INDIA, PUNJAB: "PILGRIM" CROWN, 1600.

2. INDIA, BOMBAY: CHARLES II. RUPY.

3. INDIA, BOMBAY: CHARLES II. RUPY.

4. INDIA, MADRAS: CHARLES II. FANAM.

5. INDIA, PULU-PENANG: RUPY, 1788.

6. INDIA, CEYLON: 66 STUYVERS, 1809.

7. AFRICA, SIERRA LEONE: DOLLAR, 1791.

8. AMERICA: "NEW ENGLAND" SHILLING, 1651.

9. AMERICA: "NEW ENGLAND" SIXPENCE, 1651.

10. AMERICA, MARYLAND: LORD BALTIMORE'S SHILLING, 1660.

11. AMERICA, MARYLAND: LORD BALTIMORE'S SIXPENCE, 1660.

12. AMERICA, MASSACHUSETTS: "PINE TREE" SHILLING, 1652.

13. AMERICA, MASSACHUSETTS: "OAK TREE" SIXPENCE, 1652.

14. AMERICA, MASSACHUSETTS: "OAK TREE" TWOPENCE, 1652.

15. AMERICA, CAROLINA: "LORDS PROPRIETORS" HALF PENNY, 1634.

16. AMERICA: GEORGE I. "ROSA AMERICANA" TWOPENCE, 1722-3.

17. AMERICA: GEORGE II. "ROSA AMERICANA" TWOPENCE (PATTERN) 1733.

18. AMERICA: GEORGE III. VIRGINIA HALF PENNY, 1773.

19. CANADA: COPPER COMPANY'S HALF PENNY, 1794.

20. CANADA: HALF PENNY, 1830.

21. BRITISH COLUMBIA: TWENTY DOLLARS, 1862.

22. WEST INDIES, HERMUDA: "HOG-MONEY" SHILLING, 1612.

23. WEST INDIES, BERMUDA: "HOG-MONEY" THREEPENCE, 1612.

24. WEST INDIES, BERMUDA: GEORGE III. PENNY, 1791.

25. WEST INDIES, BAHAMA: GEORGE III. PENNY, 1806.

26. WEST INDIES, BARBADOS: GEORGE III. PENNY, 1788.

27. WEST INDIES, TOROGO: GEORGE III. COUNTERSTAMPED SOU.

28. WEST INDIES, DOMINICA: GEORGE III. CENTRE OF SPANISH DOLLAR.

29. WEST INDIES, GUADALOUPE: GEORGE III. SEGMENT OF SPANISH DOLLAR.

30. WEST INDIES, GUADALOUPE: GEORGE III. CENTRE OF SPANISH DOLLAR.

31. WEST INDIES, TORTOLA: GEORGE III. PART OF SPANISH DOLLAR.

32. WEST INDIES, DOMINICA: GEORGE III. CENTRE OF SPANISH DOLLAR.

33. WEST INDIES, GUADALOUPE: GEORGE III. PIERCED SPANISH 2 REALES.

34. AUSTRALIA, NEW SOUTH WALES: "HOLY DOLLAR," 1813.

35. AUSTRALIA, NEW SOUTH WALES: FIFTEENPENCE, 1813.

36. AUSTRALIA, PORT PHILIP: TWO OUNCE, 1851.

In view of the present controversy in regard to the merits or demerits of the design and execution of our new coinage, timely interest attaches to the remarkable collection of English Colonial numismatic designs shown here. It goes back to the earliest days of our Overseas Dominions, across three centuries; and ranges, in space, over the world, from the strikingly handsome "Portcullis" crown of Queen Elizabeth, minted when British India was represented by a few trading stations scattered here and there along the Coromandel Coast 311 years ago, to the neat and simple kangaroo device on an Australian coin of Queen Victoria's reign

of just fifty-eight years ago. For purposes of comparison with the new George V. pieces over which the art sense of so many people is exercised just now, we commend a detailed study of the collection to our readers, incidentally drawing the attention of the curious to the uniquely interesting group of New England "plantations" coinage, some pieces struck when the "Pilgrim Fathers" were still in the prime of life, and Sioux, Blackfoot, and Cherokee names of household dread, a hundred years or more before George Washington and the separation from the Mother Country of the United States of America.

OIL OR COAL AT WILL: NEW FUEL OR OLD FOR CARGO STEAMERS!

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, N. SOTHEBY PITCHER.



WHEN OIL REPLACES COAL: IN THE STOKEHOLD OF A MERCHANTMAN WHEN LIQUID FUEL IS IN USE.

Various experiments with oil as fuel have been tried in the navies of the world, with excellent results, and there seems more than a probability that oil will take the place of coal in the war-vessels of the not very distant future. Owners of merchantmen have been somewhat chary of making a change hitherto, arguing that with vessels trading in all the known waters it might be exceedingly difficult at times to replenish the oil-tanks, whereas coal can be obtained with comparative ease. Now there has been built a cargo-steamer capable of burning either oil or coal. The stokehold of this ship as it is when liquid fuel is in use is here illustrated. "The oil is forced into the furnace," writes our Artist, "in the shape of a conical

spray, through a pipe, and bursts into flame about six inches from the nozzle. One or two hands are all that are necessary to regulate the flow of oil to the furnaces. The arrangement of the furnace-fronts and the oil-burners in position on the boiler-front are shown in the drawing. Before it is used, the oil is pumped from the tanks in the ship's bottom into 'settling-tanks,' in order that the water may be separated from it, as this separation of the water from the oil is a primary element in successfully using oil as fuel. The precaution is taken of completely filling these settling-tanks from time to time, so that when the ship is rolling in a seaway the contents of the tanks are not disturbed."

The Cloister and the Hearth - Charles Reade.

LITERATURE

MISS AGNES GROZIER
HERBERTSON.

Whose new novel, "Deborah,"
is about to be Published by
Messrs. Methuen.

Photograph by Evans.

An Eighteenth
Century Scientist.

The charm of
this book—
"The Life of

Sir John
Banks,
President
of the
Royal So-
ciety," by
Edward

Madame Roland. Madame Roland stands out
among the many remark-
able women whom the great Revolution
made immortal by her amazing vitality. To
the average intelligent French Republican
of modern days she is the embodiment of

that noblest
and most
stimulating of
war-songs,
"The Mar-
seillaise."

In
this book—

"Life of
Madame
Roland,"

Whose new novel, "The
Long Roll," has just been Pub-
lished by Messrs. Constable and Co.

by I. A. Taylor (Hutchinson)—an English woman writer gives a picture of one who, even if born and bred in less stirring times, would have remained so typically French that it is difficult even to imagine her thoughts translated into another tongue than her own. Take the one question of her marriage to the serious-minded, amiable, loyal gentleman whose name she was to make so famous—the whole story is typically French, and might happen to any French girl to-day. Manon Philipon, brought up in any English-speaking country, would never have become Madame Roland. Miss Taylor, as is so often the case with biographers, seems to think she knows more about her heroine than her heroine did of herself, and because Madame Roland, in the early days of her married life, appeared to be a happy and satisfied woman, she is evidently sceptical of the disillusionment which in later years Roland's wife put on such very frank record in her famous Memoirs. We venture to think that had Madame Roland been as satisfied with her spouse as he was with her, she would never have yielded to her strange, absorbing, and at once passionate and platonic love for Buzot. The letters which passed between them are among the most touching in the great literature of love, for they were written by a prisoner to a fugitive, and by a man and woman of high courage who knew themselves to be within sight of a shameful death. Sainte-Beuve was typically French as well as typically himself when, on the publication of these letters, he registered his deliberate opinion that unfaithfulness with silence would have been on Madame Roland's part a better and finer course than that which she pursued; for it will be remembered that while remaining faithful to her marriage vow, she yet told Roland that her love had passed to Buzot. Her intellect was so vigorous, her mind so constructive and powerful, that we are apt to forget when thinking of Madame Roland that she must have been, as a woman, very enchanting to the other sex. Wrote Hebert in his ribald paper, "The tender half of the virtuous Roland has France to-day in leading-strings, like the Pompadours and Du Barrys. Brissot is Grand Equerry to the new Queen; Louvet, her Chamberlain; Buzot, Chancellor; Fauchet, her Chaplain; Barbaroux, her Captain of the Guards; Vergniaud, Master of the Ceremonies; Guadet, her Cupbearer; Lanthenas, Usher!" Even on the scaffold she was able, by the

exercise of her womanly charm, to perform an act of mercy. One of her fellow-sufferers had a peculiar horror of blood, and she begged the executioner to take this man out of his turn. The executioner demurred. "Will you refuse a woman her last request?" she said with a smile; and he gave way. She was already bound on the plank when she uttered with a strong voice the famous words to the statue of Liberty, which, if there had been nothing else in her to make her so, would have rendered her immortal.



A SPORTIVE PICTURE OF BANKS BY JAMES GILLRAY: "THE GREAT SOUTH SEA CATERPILLAR TRANSFORMED INTO A BATH BUTTERFLY."

"James Gillray essayed a sportive picture of Banks. It will be noticed that there is some grace about it all. The idea that this particular Butterfly was specially attracted by the Crown is absurd enough, but there were many ill-natured people at the time who regarded Banks as something of a toady. . . . Banks had just been made a K.B."

Reproduced from "The Life of Sir Joseph Banks," by Edward Smith, F.R.H.S., by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. John Lane.



FROM A CARICATURE BY CRUIKSHANK AFTER A DESIGN BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT: "LANDING THE TREASURES; OR, RESULTS OF THE POLAR EXPEDITION."

"In point of fact, Banks proved an excellent target for the shafts of caricature. He was well born and hobnobbed with sailors. He was a man of fortune, and recklessly defied the conventions in the disposal of his income. He was a personal friend of the King—a circumstance fatal in its relation to the discontented spirits of the day. His Presidency of the Royal Society was matter of ridicule with no small section of his colleagues, on the ground of his being no mathematician, and certainly not another Isaac Newton."

Reproduced from "The Life of Sir Joseph Banks," by Edward Smith, F.R.H.S., by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. John Lane.

Smith, F.R.H.S. (John Lane)—consists in the homely style in which it is written, and in the plain fashion in which the author sets forth the details of a life which was certainly full of incident. Sir Joseph Banks was a notable figure both in scientific and social circles in the eighteenth century. He was born in London in 1743, and died in 1820, so that he lived through a not inauspicious period of scientific history. His name is especially associated with the study of natural history; but, as his biographer remarks, his memory deserves to be kept green if only for the reason that he inspired a considerable number of scientific movements which in time materially benefited the world. Born in circumstances which rendered him independent of work as a means of support, we find that Banks very early in life developed a strong taste for zoological and botanical studies. He was an "out-of-doors" boy, and at Eton made friends with a schoolfellow, Brougham, father of the future Chancellor. Leaving Eton, young Banks went to Christ Church, Oxford; but it was botany, and not classics, which attracted him at the University. Around Banks at Oxford, we are told, gathered a few students who, like himself, were enamoured of nature-study, and when he left Oxford in 1763, his fondness for the natural sciences was further developed, and became with him his life-passion. The learned societies owed much to Banks. With the Linnean Society he was closely identified; and the Royal Society owned him as President. His experience of travel added greatly to the value of his botanical and allied researches. We find him going botanising with Captain Cook himself; he formed great collections of a botanical kind, and to Banks it may be said Kew Gardens owe the fame they enjoy to-day. His wealth enabled him to help needy investigators, and to publish works which in an ordinary sense, however valuable scientifically, would not have appealed to the ordinary publisher. The story of Banks's election to the Presidency of the Royal Society as told by Mr. Smith makes interesting reading. He was elected to the chair in 1778, and very worthily filled an office at that time in itself representing the premiership of science. Banks did not escape criticism, and was duly lampooned in the spirit and fashion of the times. Dr. Solander and Banks, indeed, served as subjects for not a few jests, verbal and pictorial, and one lampoon in particular by Gillray is notable, showing Banks as "The Great South Sea Caterpillar transformed into a Bath Butterfly." Altogether Mr. Smith's biography becomes interesting both on account of its history of a notable scientific personality and by reason of its incidentally supplying many pictures of the social life and doings of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. We commend his book to readers as a pleasant contribution to the history of a once notable figure in the world of science.

"Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honor—without the assault of argument."

MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY—WISDOM FOR THE SUMMER

Your Health is the Principal Item in your Capital
AND
IN HOT WEATHER

It is necessary to keep the Blood pure and the Liver active in order to keep well.



G. B. Cipriani Fecit.

Engd. by F. Bartolotti.

SUMMER.

"The street musicians of the heavenly City, the Birds, who make sweet music for us all."

"All disease is the same in all parts of the body. Its cause, morbid humour, which obstructs the circulation of the blood and the electricity or motive power of the brain. Its source, Indigestion and Constipation, or the Putrefaction arising therefrom."—W. RUSSELL.

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age, as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as 'Auto-Intoxication,' or self-poisoning.

"This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs, or microbes, which infest the bowel, and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains.

"The dual problem, therefore, of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted or prevented, or in other words, how the bowel may be kept clean."—CHARLES REINHARDT, M.D.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THERE is no denying the fact that, between them, police-traps and excessive hotel charges drive hundreds upon hundreds of motorists, with their cars, out of this country to the Continent, where gentler manners reign, every year. It might prove a little instructive to the police and suggestive to the Bonifaces throughout this land if the R.A.C. and A.A. and M.U. would give their touring figures at the end of the season. Then, by a little rough average estimating, some notion of the total amount of money spent by British motorists abroad—half of which would presumably be spent in this country—could be arrived at. It would, I am sure, total up to a sum which would make our hotel proprietors ponder the matter deeply, and seek to bring influence to bear in the matter of police persecution.

Tube-repairing by the roadside is a tedious and a messy job, particularly when time has to be spent in patching with solution. If one has sustained a good honest cut then there is some gratification in making a sound repair, but if all the business of detaching the cover, withdrawing the tube, and repairing has to be undertaken for a pin-hole, nail, or small flint puncture, then chagrin is pardonable. For small punctures, however—that is, holes not over a quarter of an inch in size—the Parsons Non-Skid Company are putting a neat little repair outfit on the market, which should find itself in every motorist's tool-box. By means of a conical cutter, extender, and a pair of disc-ended pliers, all such punctures as those referred to can be dry-cured in the space of a few minutes. The easy manipulation of the above implements permits the introduction of a repair-plug like a big, equal-headed shirt-stud being clinched into the puncture, and a perfect and permanent repair effected.

Quite an interesting historiette of the growth of automobilism has been issued in pamphlet form by the Daimler Motor Company, of Coventry. It is true that Daimler cars, from the earliest, only are dealt with, but the development of the motor-car in Great Britain during the past twelve years is so closely interwoven with that of the Daimler Company that they may be pardoned if

they pose and ejaculate "L'histoire de l'automobile c'est nous!" The motor-car practically owes its existence to Gottlieb Daimler, who applied the benzine carburettor to an internal-combustion engine, obtained excellent results, and so launched the petrol engine on its all-victorious career. Daimler first applied his engine to a bicycle, and a fearfully clumsy and cumbersome machine it was; but, like the clashing gears of Levassor, it served, and that was enough. In the book under review, we are shown the 4-h.p. Daimler two-seater of

1893, with its twin bicycle-forks steering; the first Carnstadt Daimler car ever brought into England, with Mr. Frederick R. Simms at the wheel, in 1895; the 6-h.p. submitted to the late King at Buckingham Palace in 1897; the Hon. Evelyn Ellis's famous car of the same date; Lord Montagu's 24-h.p. Daimler, upon which King Edward took one of his earliest rides; and so on, to King George's latest six-cylinder sleeve-valve Daimler. A wonderful progression.

A grand opportunity for seeing India in the raw is the scheme propounded by Fiat Motors, Ltd., to supply motor-cars for driving between Bombay and ancient Delhi in readiness for the Durbar. We have all heard of the Grand Trunk Road, which connects the capital of the Moguls with Calcutta; but one reads nothing of a similar highway connecting Bombay with the former city. It is said that the road, or roads, to be traversed are being put into thoroughly good condition, and if this is so those who motor this way to the great doings in December will enjoy a unique opportunity of seeing a large part of our great Dependency as she is. If suitable arrangements are made, and the roads are made good as promised, the trip will be worth taking indeed. So far as India is concerned, the Bombay Motor-Car Company, Ltd., are making the arrangements. The representative of Messrs. Fiat Motors, Ltd., will take out with him some twenty cars, ranging from 15-h.p. to 50-h.p.

The Roads Improvement Association continues to do useful work. It has been suggested that the present practice of painting signposts red might be improved upon. To test this suggestion, the R.I.A. have caused five signposts to be erected at the top of West Hill, Wandsworth, where the main road runs on to Putney Heath, at Tibbett's Corner. These posts have been painted as follows: (1) in six-inch bands of black and white alternately, (2) in three-inch bands of black and white alternately, (3) in six-inch bands of red and white alternately, (4) in three-inch bands of red and white alternately, and (5) all red. The opinions of motorists upon the visibility of each and every one of these signs are invited by the Secretary of the R.I.A., Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.



TO SKIM ON THE WATER OR FLY THROUGH THE AIR:
THE BRITISH NAVAL HYDROPLANE AT BARROW.

Both in England and in France naval aviators are at this moment experimenting in methods of aeronautical scouting at sea. Commander Schwann, of the cruiser *Hermione*, "mother-ship" of the Naval aeronautical department, is conducting the British experiments, with a specially built hydroplane for employment from a ship at sea, intended to act as a combination monoplane and motor-boat, fitted with aluminium floats, and turbines of thirty-horse power. He has tried the engines in Cavenish Dock at Barrow, and is to carry out skimming-trials and flights.

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Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
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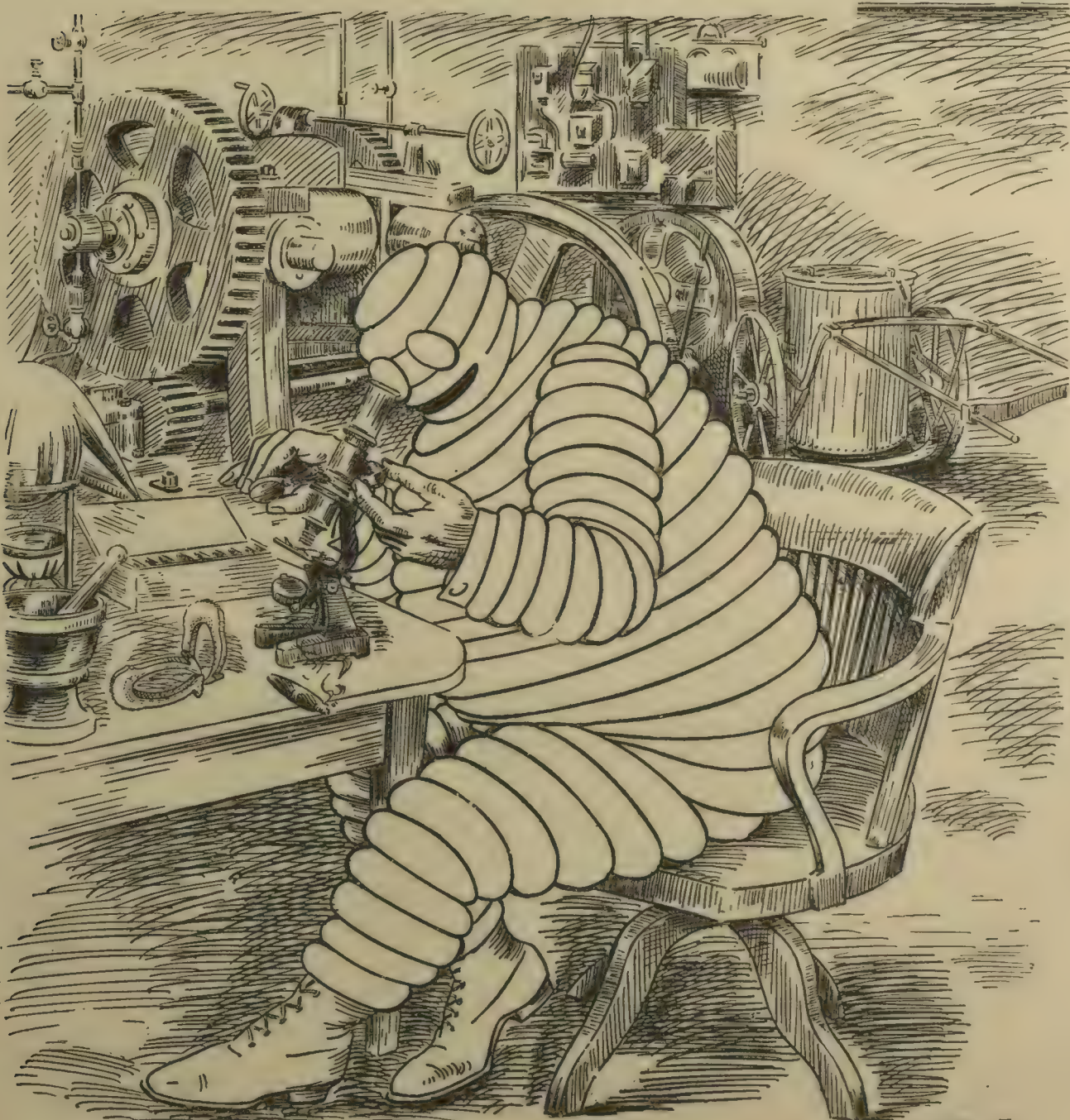
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No. 3.—A Careful Examination at every stage of the process of manufacture should be made by the maker who wishes to produce only the best article. There must be no working along the "near enough" lines; everything must be "absolutely right." This can only be ensured by keeping the strictest watch, and making the most searching analyses in order to discover any possible defects.

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LADIES' PAGE.

HOW difficult it is to cater successfully for the household at this hot season! Meat seems to be repellent to some extent, yet for those who are accustomed to it a meal on vegetarian lines hardly appears a satisfying one at all. However, meat can very well be dispensed with at one at least of the daily repasts—preferably at the midday meal if the usual evening dinner be the rule of the house. There are many dishes both nourishing and tasty to be concocted without meat. Rice alone will transform itself into a number of excellent *plats*. The milder and more indeterminate the flavour of the base, the easier it is to present it in protean forms. In England, most housewives regard rice as a sweet dish only. It is really an excellent base for a savoury, taking exceedingly kindly to the company of onions, spices, and various vegetables, while some cheese or an egg will increase the nutritive quality of the dish for hard workers with mind or body.

Rice in itself, indeed, is very nutritious, as we see by the strength of those Eastern peoples who almost live upon it. But theirs is the unpolished rice, while from that sold in our markets, unfortunately, the outer coats, in which much of the strengthening elements are found, are cleared off for the sake of whiteness—exactly the same mistake as we make about our bread. Some Indian workers imported to labour on a plantation in Ceylon, who were fed by their employer with the white polished rice of our commerce, discovered this scientific fact for themselves by experience, and sent a deputation to the master (as he told me himself) to say that if they could not have the same rice as they had in India, they could not possibly do their work upon it. We have, therefore, to add such nitrogenous elements as eggs, milk, and cheese, to prevent our rice dishes being too starchy—supposing we rely to any extent on rice to make the base of a meal. Eaten as a milky pudding after meat, of course, it is a different affair.

Now, suppose, my dear sister-housekeeper, you would like to try, on one of these boiling hot days, a non-flesh luncheon. Let it begin with a dish of rice cooked savoury fashion. There are a dozen ways of preparing such a dish: some that send it up dry, as it is served with curry, made agreeable by a tomato or sharp sauce; some that fry the rice in the shape of rissoles or of cutlets, after boiling it soft first; some that mix shreds of a flavouring ingredient—vegetables such as mushrooms or tomatoes, or some fish, or chicken's liver, etc.—into the boiled and dried rice. As I must choose, I give the simplest that I can. Take a teaspoonful of rice, wash it, put it in a small saucepan; pour on it half-a-pint of milk and half-a-pint of water. Set it to boil, adding for flavouring a large onion peeled and cut into, but left whole, and stuck with five cloves, also a roll of thinly cut lemon-peel tied up with two bay-leaves and two large sprigs of parsley and a blade of



FOR A COUNTRY GARDEN PARTY.

This dress is of pale-coloured Nison trimmed with bands of embroidered muslin.

mace. Simmer for half-an-hour, towards the end of which time add a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of black pepper. Then remove the seasonings, and stir quickly into the rice one or two well-beaten eggs; when it is poured out into the dish, just sprinkle over with grated cheese, if liked, and serve. Then, for the next course, have a nice crisp salad, with dice of cheese, and butter and biscuits, handed for the people with good appetites; and finally, a dish of nice fresh or stewed fruit. A pleasant change from the simple salad is to make a cucumber aspic flavoured with tarragon vinegar, or a tomato jelly, shaped in dariole moulds and served on a few leaves of lettuce. In place of a rice dish, one can use in the same way macaroni, spaghetti, semolina, or nouille paste.

There is a new comet, first observed at the great Lick Observatory in California, and to be seen in our sky in the early mornings up to the middle of August, which is at present thought to be the return of one first discovered by Miss Caroline Herschell in 1790. This little lady, trained in the observatory of her brother in order that she might serve him as assistant, gained eminence in her own right as an astronomer. Amongst her other exploits, she discovered no fewer than eight comets, of which the one now approaching the earth again was seen by her in 1790, so that for one hundred and twenty years it wanders in its orbit. Caroline Herschell is an instance of the little preparation or reward allowed to women in the past, for she seems never to have received any instruction in astronomy, but to have just "picked up" her knowledge in the course of working for and with her brother; and it was not until she was over seventy years of age, forty years after she had found her eighth comet, that she received her first honour from her scientific brethren, by being made an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society, the Council explaining that the tribute had been so long delayed because not until then "had the time gone by when feeling or prejudice should be allowed to interfere with the payment of a well-earned tribute of respect, and the sex of a woman should no longer be an obstacle to her receiving acknowledgments that would be held due if she were a man." Miss Herschell lived to be ninety-six, and did an important piece of astronomical work (the reduction to a catalogue, arranged in zones, of all Sir W. Herschell's nebulae) when she was seventy-five.

Sea-bathing and the sun-burning atmosphere tax the vitality of the hair, and tend to deprive it of its lustre. Some application is needed to restore its beauty, and an excellent preparation for the purpose is "Vinolia Vegetable Hair Wash." It consists of a powder to mix with hot water to shampoo the head, when all stickiness and grease will be removed, and the hair become revived, soft, and fluffy. It can be obtained from all good chemists; and there is another advantage to be mentioned—namely, that the box will be found to contain a coupon by means of which a free sample of any other of the excellent Royal Vinolia toilet preparations can be obtained.—FILOMENA.



The Golfer's Secret

Disclosed by the New Animated Photography.

THE Kinora, which, without lantern or screen, shows living pictures taken with a hand-camera, is likely to improve many a player's "form" in all kinds of sport.

Every golfer, for example, would like to help his club friends, and make them keener rivals, by showing how he makes his best strokes. But this is one of the most difficult things in the world to do. The swift swing and movement of the club defy analysis by the eye. Similarly with a stroke at cricket, the action of a bowler, the "aim" of a crack shot, and the like.

The Kinora Motion Camera is a British invention, which will do good service to the characteristic British spirit of Sport by enabling the successful sportsman to reveal the secrets of his prowess. It demands no skill in the user: anyone can learn the working of it in ten minutes, and make perfect pictures at the first trial. And all these pictures are moving pictures.

But—and this is an important feature in the sporting use of the Kinora Camera—the rate of motion is under complete control. A golfer or a batsman cannot "do it slowly," so that the exact details of his stroke can be observed. When he has been photographed with the Kinora Motion Camera, however, his living portrait can be made to move as slowly as may be desired, and single instantaneous poses can be examined in detail.

Of course this is not the only use of the Kinora Motion Camera. It makes artistic living pictures, and photographs all kinds of scenes in motion—a yacht or horse-race, a public meeting, a racecourse, or a domestic group.

Child Portraits.

But perhaps its most charming effects are those obtained when children are photographed at their unconscious play. There is no tiresome posing, no "studio stare"; there are no tears provoked by the restraint so intolerable to the child-mind in an ordinary studio. The child is not concerned with the business at all. It amuses itself with a doll; it chases a dog or a butterfly; it plays with a friend, a parent, or another child. In all the charm of natural, unstudied life, it is photographed by the vigilant and nearly silent Kinora Camera.

Some trouble would be well spent in learning how to make pictures of the undying charm thus captured. But no trouble is involved at all. Ten minutes spent in reading the very few, very clear directions, equip the amateur for perfect work. There is no messing with chemicals: the negative, 40 ft. long, with 640 separate pictures in it, requires development in special apparatus, but this development is done by the manufacturers of the Kinora Camera for only a shilling, the negative itself being supplied for 1s. 6d.

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A fully illustrated explanation is furnished by the Golden Book of the Kinora Camera, sent gratis and post free on application; but visitors to, and residents in, London are cordially invited to call and see the whole fascinating process.

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THE ART OF THE WING: ESSENTIALS OF AVIATION.

(See Illustrations.)

NOW that man has taken on himself to become a flying animal and achieve the conquest of air, added interest has been given to the study—always fascinating, but seldom scientifically attempted—of the principles of the flight of birds. It has been shown by direct observation that birds on the wing employ really two distinct methods of propulsion. One is that of the beating wing—the method of small birds in their short, rapid spurts of flight from point to point. Intermediate sizes of birds employ a combination of rapid wing action, and “planing” or gliding motion through the air: the common pigeon is an everyday example here which anybody can watch. It propels itself forward by wing action; then, half-closing its wings, planes with a concave swoop as it were, rising at the end, to its point for settling or perching. Thirdly, we have the larger birds of prey, from kites and hawks up to the very largest of the feathered creation, the stately wide-pinioned frigate-

birds, vultures and condors and eagles, who range over leagues of sky without, apparently, effort of wing. In birds who rely on the beating-wing action the wings are short, but of varying breadths as their nature adapts each. Sparrows and partridges, who need not fly far, but have for self-preservation sake to rise quickly and go fast, have short, wide wings; pigeons and wild duck, birds of fast but longer flights, have longer and less wide wings; sea-birds, who have to manoeuvre and curve about in battling storm-winds, have long and curved but narrow wings. The “planing” birds have wide-spreading pinions.

“OFF THE MAIN TRACK.”

MUCH entertainment is to be got by accompanying Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt “Off the Main Track” (Werner Laurie), and much instruction also, if one remembers not to expect frank judgments to be always well considered. In a certain sense, indeed, those of Mr. Hyatt may be regarded as being well considered. He has evidently entertained them for a very long time, and here he delivers them, as we gather, in retirement at home, far removed from the partial influences of the scenes and circumstances which occasion them. But Mr. Hyatt's prejudices (if we may so call them) are really the secret of his charm, and he always carries them with him. They are individual. Perfect consistency in them must not be looked for, else they would not be prejudices. It would be quite a mistake to allow them to colour one's opinion of, say, the South African Union, or Missionaries, or the German people, or Dissenters, or the English Public Schools. They are not sufficiently coherent to have weight on any large, general question whatsoever. On the other hand, take them for what they are—the some-



Photo Honoré.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY BETWEEN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT AND THE GROUND: THE “OFFICE” AT VILLECOUBLAY.

Important experiments in military aviation are in progress at Villecoublay, near Paris, where a wireless-telegraphic station has been established to keep up communication with aeroplanes in flight, as if reconnoitring in war. The signalling-mast is some fifty feet high, and the apparatus can send and take in messages with a radius of fifty miles. Communication has been successfully kept up with an experimental biplane cruising in mid-air from 1500 to 1600 feet, and messages have been sent to the Eiffel Tower telegraphic station.

what wayward, empirical personal judgments of a wanderer, upon places and policies and classes of men—and they are valuable as well as entertaining. An instance drawn at random from this volume will show what we mean. “It is a terrible pity,” Mr. Hyatt writes, “that the British Government did not annex both Beira and Delagoa Bay at the time of the Revolution in Lisbon. It is quite unnecessary for the greatest naval Power in the world to make excuses over such matters. . . . I have always been a trifle doubtful about some of the Congo atrocities, because of the characters of certain of the men connected with the agitation. . . .”

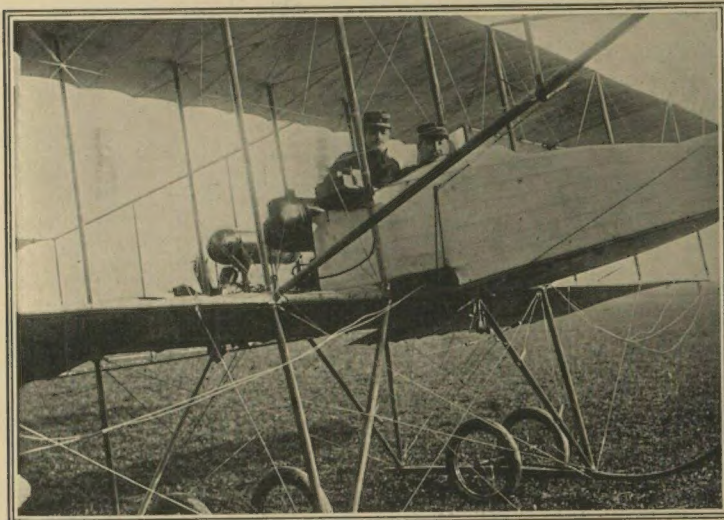


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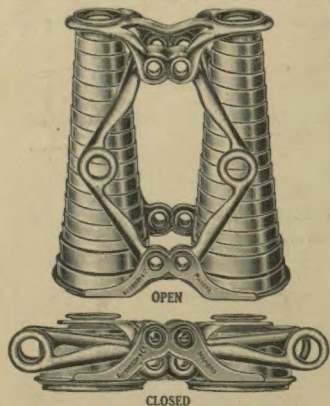
THE BIPLANE FITTED WITH WIRELESS-TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS, AND THE SENDERS OF THE MESSAGES: CAPTAIN BRENOT AND SUB-LIEUTENANT MENARD ON THE SPECIALLY EQUIPPED FARMAN. The aeroplane with which Captain Brenot and Sub-Lieutenant Menard are making wireless-telegraphic experiments is a Farman biplane. The installation weighs 45 lb., and the Hertzian waves are produced by a magnetic attachment to the aeroplane's motor, with for antenna a coil of wire 130 yards in length on a revolving drum. The biplane flies with the antenna hanging over its stern, and no difficulty has been experienced. How the outfit is installed on board the biplane is shown in our illustration. Messages have also been exchanged with a motor-car fitted with receiving apparatus.



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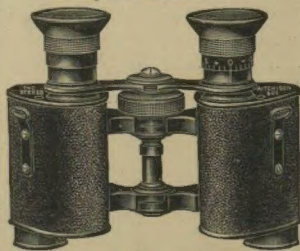


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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

SORRENTO.—It would be a wonderful problem that baffled your ingenuity. H MAXWELL PRIDEAUX (Exeter).—You are quite right, and so far, the only one that has spotted the defect. There is, however, the saving clause that White might have been giving the odds of the King's Bishop.

C J MICHOD (Putney Hill).—You may take it that once we print our solution any disagreement with it is futile. In answer to your objection that Black plays 1. R takes R, the mate is given by 2. P to B 4th (dis ch), mate. Your suggested solution of 1. B takes R will not do.

W D DAVENON (Metropolitan Club, Washington, B.C.).—We think you mean right with the solution of No. 3503, but you have made some errors of transcription. How, for instance, can White play 1. R to B 4th (ch)? Your subsequent analysis shows you mean 1. R to B 5th, which would be correct.

C C W MANN.—You will be pleased to learn that your problem has met with marked approval from our solvers.

T D DARCY (Ealing).—If 1. P to Q 4th (dis. ch), the reply is 1. R takes B. **CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3501** received from C A M (Penang) of No. 3501 from R H Couper (Malbone, Ga., U.S.A.), W D Davidge (Washington, B.C.) and F Grant (New York); of No. 3501 from H M Leggett (San Francisco), F Grant, C Fiala Junior (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), H F Staunton (Wood Green), W D Davidge, and J W Faye; of No. 3505 from H F Staunton, Jacob Verrall (Rothwell), F R Simpson (Harrow), and F R Mills; of No. 3505 from Sorrento, F R Mills, F Wetherall (Manchester), J F G Pietersen (Kings-worthing), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), and W H Taylor (Westcliff-on-Sea).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3507 received from R Worters (Canterbury), H Maxwell Prideaux (Exeter), Sorrento, E J Winter-wood (Paisnton), H R Thompson (Twickenham), J Cohn (Hertin), J Green (Boulogne), W Simons (Lond), J Carpenter (Edmonton), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), Captain Challice, Major Buckley (Instow), J F G Pietersen, W H Taylor, J Churcher (Southampton), G Stillington Johnson (Seaford), and J Fowler.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Annual Match between the Manhattan Chess Club of New York and the Franklin Chess Club of Philadelphia.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. Milnes).	BLACK (Mr. Phillips).	WHITE (Mr. Milnes).	BLACK (Mr. Phillips).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Q to B 3rd (ch)	K to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd	14. Kt to K 4th	
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th		
6. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th		
7. P takes P	Kt takes P		
8. Castles	B to Q B 4th		
Black does not manage his game at all well. His sixth-move, to say the least of it, was indifferent; and were he to K and would have saved him much trouble.			
9. R to K sq	K Kt to K 2nd		
10. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 4th		
Reminding one of the "retractor" problems where Black takes back his last move. The loss of time is absolutely fatal.			
11. Kt takes B P			
A fairly obvious sacrifice, but one admitting of no defence. White follows this up by a well-considered attack.			
12. K takes Kt			

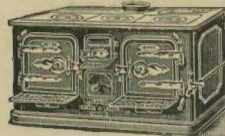
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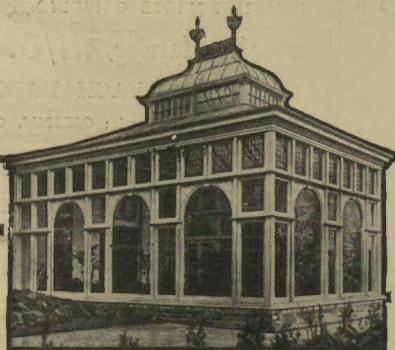
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persons in the employ of the Nugget Polish Company, of which he was a director. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his daughter Florence Annie Lashmer Lane and her issue.

The will and codicil of MR. EDWARD BOWEN, of Inglemere Road, Forest Hill, and Crosbie Cottage, New Haw, Addlestone, who died on April 29, are now proved, the value of the property being £83,249. The testator gives £4,000, in trust, for each of his sons John William, Albert Edward, and Edwin York; £50 each to the Home and Infirmary for Sick Children, Lower Sydenham, the Great Northern Hospital, the Infant Orphan Asylum, the British Orphan Asylum, the London Orphan Asylum, and the National Life-boat Institution; £100 each to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the High Street, Sydenham, Wesleyan Chapel, for the Poor, and the Sydenham Circuit in connection with the Wesleyan Body; £150 to the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society; £500 to the Wine and Spirit Trades Benevolent Fund; £500 to the Wesleyan Worn-out Ministers Fund; annuities of £120 each to his sisters Emily and Ellen during their joint lives, and £150 per annum to the survivor; and the residue to his three sons.

The will and codicils of MR. JOHN BIBBY WOOD, of 17, Major Street, Manchester, and 175, Wilmslow Road, Withington, who died on June 24, have been proved, the value of the property being £110,267. The testator bequeaths £100 and, during widowhood, £450 per annum to his wife; a capital sum, producing £250 a year, in trust, for his daughter, Kate Winifred, on condition that she does not become a nun or enter any retreat; £250 to his brother Oliver; £50 a year to his brother William George; a few small legacies; and the residue, in trust, for his sons on their attaining twenty-six years of age.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1911) of the HON. SYBIL BURNABY, of 5, Wilton Place, S.W., who died on May 26, is proved by Philip Barnett and Captain Edward Seymour, M.V.O., the value of the property being £41,143, the whole of which she leaves in trust for her son Hugh on his attaining twenty-one years of age.

The following important will has been proved—

Mr. Augustus John Shortgrave Eck, New Dove House, Pinner £76,411
Mr. Frederick William Warmington, 1, St. John's Park, Blackheath £61,920
Mr. Herbert Edward Gregory, Quintain House, Offham, Kent £58,913
Mrs. Josephine Laird, Oakhurst, Birkenhead £42,169

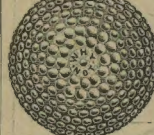


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